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Life

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Vol. 75, No. 1959 May 20, 1920
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P. 921



RESPONSIBILITY

MICHELIN UNIVERSAL CORD



The Michelin Universal Cord, the newest product of the oldest pneumatic automobile tire manufacturer, is the best tire for your car for three reasons:

- 1st The new Michelin tread-compound offers unequalled resistance to the destructive effects of friction, heat, moisture and age.
- 2d The improved Michelin tread design effectively opposes skidding in any direction. It further increases the durability of the tire by retaining the broad, flat traction-surface introduced by Michelin a few years ago and since so widely copied.
- 3d The super-sturdy oversize body is built up of cords that are not merely coated but actually impregnated with rubber, forming a tremendously tough, resilient mass assuring greatest freedom from blowouts.

If you are not yet a Michelin user, just give the Michelin Universal Cord a trial. That is all we ask.

Michelin Tire Co., Milltown, N. J.

*Other factories: Clermont-Ferrand, France; London, England; Turin, Italy
Dealers in all parts of the world*

A Sturdy Oversize Cord Tire that Establishes a New Standard for Supreme Durability and Freedom from Skidding

LIFE

MERCER



WE
SHALL
KEEP
FAITH.

FROM the beauties of spring to beauty of spring suspension is not a far cry after all, for blossoms carry no thrills to the motorist whose spirit is racked by the torture of travel in a hard riding car.

Mercer was designed to hold the road at top speed. Low hung and superbly proportioned as between its sprung and unsprung weight, it insures to its passengers the full delight of every landscape, every fragrance, every bit of color—unspoiled by jolts and jars that concentrate attention on one's own discomfort and draw the veil between the sufferer and the natural glories he was meant to revel in.

Mercer is a Hare's Motors product. The fundamental virtues are all there.

MERCER MOTORS COMPANY

operated by

HARE'S MOTORS, INC.

16 West 61st Street

New York City

HEINZ Vinegars

Pints, Quarts, Half-Gallons

In bottles filled and sealed
in the Heinz establishment

PERFECT salad dressing and
Heinz Vinegars go together.
For Heinz Vinegars have an
aroma and flavor that improve
every food they touch. Best
materials, and aged in wood.

Every drop awakens flavor.
Three kinds: Malt, Cider,
White.

Heinz Imported Olive Oil is
made in Seville, Spain, under
Heinz supervision. Rich, mellow
and pure. In glass and tin.

57





Examining a Miller Tire which made a great record

Why 22,000 Miles

Years ago we started to gather in Miller Tires which had made exceptional records.

For instance, 22,000 miles or over on a bus, a truck or a stage line.

We studied those tires, and learned the reasons for endurance. Then we aimed to build all Millers like them.

Constant Tests

Now we make constant tests. We wear out at our factory 1,000 tires yearly to watch the Miller mileage.

We run scores of tires all the time under extreme conditions.

We spend \$300 daily just to test fabrics and cords for tires.

We vulcanize and test every lot of tread stock in our laboratory, before a tread is made.

Every tire is signed both by maker and inspector, and both are penalized if a tire falls down.

Note the Records

The records show that average Miller mileage has been almost doubled in late years.

Miller Tires are so uniform that adjustments are rare. Even in some large cities—like Buffalo—not a single Miller Tire came back last year.

In Akron, our home town, where Miller Tires dominate in local use,

Individual records have made them, perhaps, the most talked-about tires in America.

The demand in six years has increased ten-fold. Last year alone the increase was \$11,000,000.

See What You Get

Put a Miller Tire opposite the tire you use. Compare the mileage. You may be wrong in your ideas of what modern tires should do.

If you buy a new car, ask for Miller Tires. Twenty makers now supply them without extra cost. Then watch them, and let your odometer figure tell you what tire to get next.



only 15 tires disappointed last year on a retail business of \$500,000.

Everywhere Miller Tires are winning contests against all their leading rivals. They are winning enormous contracts by excelling in million-mile tests.

Tread Patented
Center tread smooth,
with suction cups to
firmly grasp wet asphalt.
Geared-to-the-Road
sidetreads mesh
like cogs in dirt.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Uniform **Geared-to-the-Road** Tires—Also Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—Team-Mates of Uniform Tires—Makers also of Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods for Homes as well as Hospitals.

miller Tires

Cords

Geared-to-the-Road
Registered U. S. Patent Office

Fabrics

The Contest Winners



Hires For the Nation's Homes

HIRES, a fountain favorite, is now everywhere available in bottled form also. Hires in bottles for the home is the same good drink that you have found it at soda fountains.

Nothing goes into Hires but pure healthful juices of roots, barks, herbs, berries—and pure cane sugar. The quality of Hires is maintained in spite of tremendously increased costs of ingredients. Yet you pay no more for Hires the genuine than you do for an artificial imitation.

But be sure you ask your dealer for "Hires" just as you say "Hires" at a soda fountain.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Hires contains juices of 16 roots, barks, herbs and berries

Hires in bottles



The B. O. Won

(But Wait)

This space is all that remains of our advertising page this week.

No Obey That Impulse.

No notice of coming special numbers, and no atrocious coupon in the lower left-hand corner. (That is some consolation.)

They shut us out because of the overwhelming amount of advertising, the shortage of paper and other mechanical difficulties.

But never mind. We shall rise triumphant. You can't keep a good adv. page like ours down. The right is bound to prevail.



Cuticura Soap
—The Healthy—
Shaving Soap

Cuticura Soap shaves without tugging. Everywhere.

9 PAYMENTS
monthly buys outright any stock or bond. Purchaser secures all dividends. Odd lots our specialty. Write for selected list and full particulars - FREE
CHARLES E. VAN Riper
Member Consolidated Stock Exchange
50 BROAD ST., NEW YORK.



RUUD HOT WATER

RUUD Hot Water in your home permanently solves the hot water problem.

A Ruud means hot water *instantly* at the turn of any hot-water faucet, morning, noon, and midnight—making easier the work of servants and helping to keep them contented.

There is no limit to Ruud

Hot Water. You can have any quantity and there's no boiler to be kept heated on warm days; no watchful waiting when you want hot water for bathing, or in the kitchen or laundry.

Your power washing machine needs Ruud Hot Water. "On the line by nine" will be a certainty once you have it.

AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER

"Hot Water All Over the House"

Ruud Automatic Gas Water Heaters are in 150,000 homes; there's a size for every home—for your home. The Ruud needs no looking after, once it is installed in basement or other convenient place. Ask your gas company or plumber or any gas-appliance dealer about a Ruud.

They will be able to show you one in operation, instantly heating fresh, sparkling water as it flows through rust-proof copper coils.

See a Ruud Water Heater demonstrated today. We have an interesting book on Ruud Hot Water which we will send to you free. Address

RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. C Pittsburgh, Pa.

Makers of Standardized Gas Water Heaters

Ruud Manufacturing Co. of Canada: 371 Adelaide St. W., Toronto



FIRST

in Variety of Uses

The uses of White Trucks are so varied and widespread that there is literally no transportation undertaking in any line of business in which they have not had a part.

in Long Mileage Records

There are numerous owners' records of 100,000 miles, many of 200,000 miles and some of 300,000 miles.

in High Earning Power

The earning power of White Trucks results from low costs and high performance, without a parallel in motor trucking so far as we have any records.

in Fleet Installations

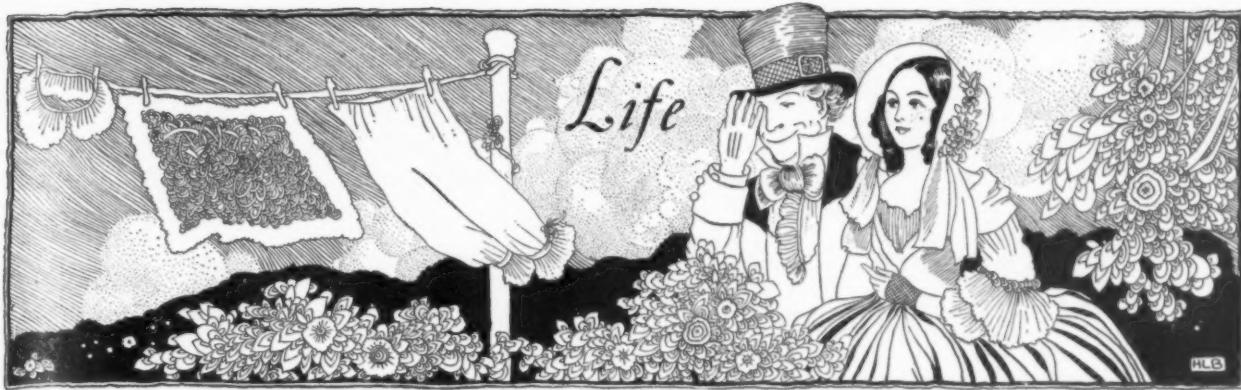
No fleet record of truck owners has ever been published which compares in extent or progressive growth with the White Annual Roll Call.

in Service to Owners

Millions have been invested in White owner service and factory facilities built up throughout the country, which have taken years to perfect.

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*

White Trucks



A Voter

SARAH JANE'S an educator
In a school which they call "High";
She can bound the warm equator,
January or July.
She's a wondrous statistician,
Reams of figures she can quote,
So for any choice position
Sarah Jane can have my vote!

Sarah's views she will not fetter,
And she'll work with might and main;
I would ask for nothing better
Than to manage her campaign.
To obtain what she desires to
I would cast aside my coat,
And for what her heart aspires to
Sarah Jane can have my vote!

Sarah's nature is not granite,
For she's fond of motor cars;
She can tell you every planet,
Likewise all the movie stars.
Since she's of a fond and fair age,
And is very far from plain,
When it comes to love—and marriage—
I shall vote for Sarah Jane!

Clinton Scollard



BUD SMITH'S PA WONDERS WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS BEST BIT



Clerk: WITH OR WITHOUT BATH, MADAM?
Boy: AW! MOTHER, GET IT WITHOUT A BATH.

Some People Who Complain

A GOOD many letters of complaint have come to LIFE because it has not thought well of the bonus idea that is being pressed by members of the American Legion. Most of the complainants seem to feel that the opposition to the bonus comes from people who want to beat the returned soldiers out of their just dues, and having used them to win the war and save the world, are willing now to dump them out to shift for themselves.

Another lot of letters complain of LIFE's attitude about bringing home from France the bodies of the Americans who died there in the war. LIFE is not opposed to the return of bodies that parents of deceased soldiers want returned, but it has objected to the idea that that was the only right thing to do, and should be done not only for parents who wanted it done, but in the case of all unclaimed bodies.

In both these cases the trouble is that spiritual values that counted for so much while the war was still on, have gone off, and material values, which for a time were partly forgotten, have appreciated. That has happened not only to the Legion and in this country generally, but all over the world. As soon as people got out of the war they faced the need of making a living, and got back to business and began to think again in terms of money.

The Legionaries who want the bonus feel and argue that they did a great work and lost money on it. What they do not realize is that all forms of service are not paid for with money in the same degree. Men who went to the war have, if they can only take it, an immense reward in having served in that war. They do actually now derive great advantages in public estimation and preferment from their position as veterans of the war, but their greatest possible reward is spiritual, in having helped to save civilization in a desperate pinch.

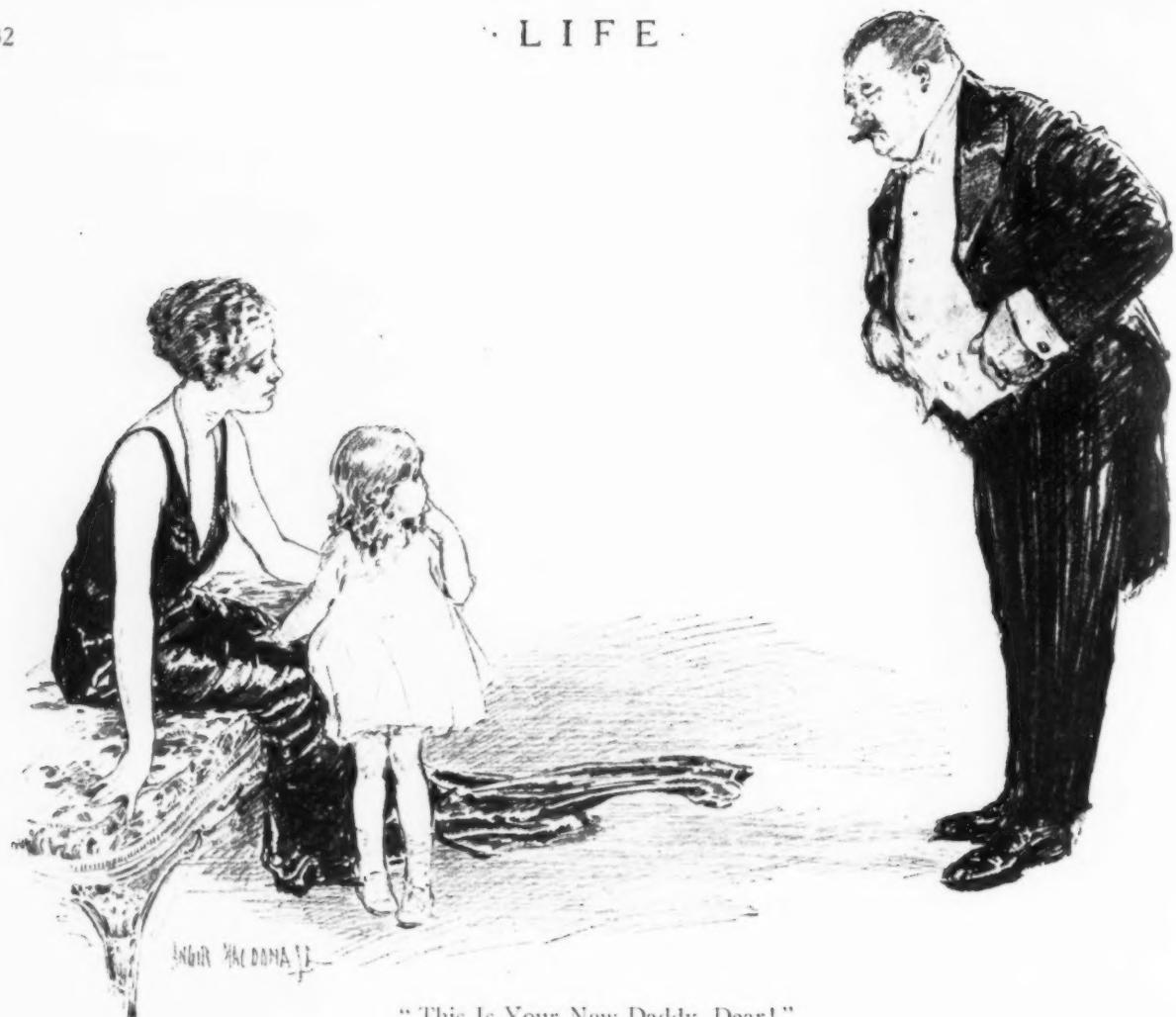
The attitude of the people who want their sons' bodies brought home also seems determined by too small an estimate of the spiritual value of what their sons did. Any soldier who fought for the Allies in that war and lost his life, won something immeasurably more valuable than the privilege of a grave in the United States. Where his body lies is only important in so far as it relates to the affections of survivors, but if his spirit goes on living—and that is the main thing—it is certainly better off and further forward because he gave his life in that war.

People who can be paid off for their war work by a bonus underestimate the value of the service they took part in. Parents who feel that it is vitally important that their sons' bodies should be brought back, think too much of the life that was lost and not enough of the life that was won. Both groups reach too eagerly after material consolations, whereas the great and sustaining consolations and rewards of the war must be spiritual.

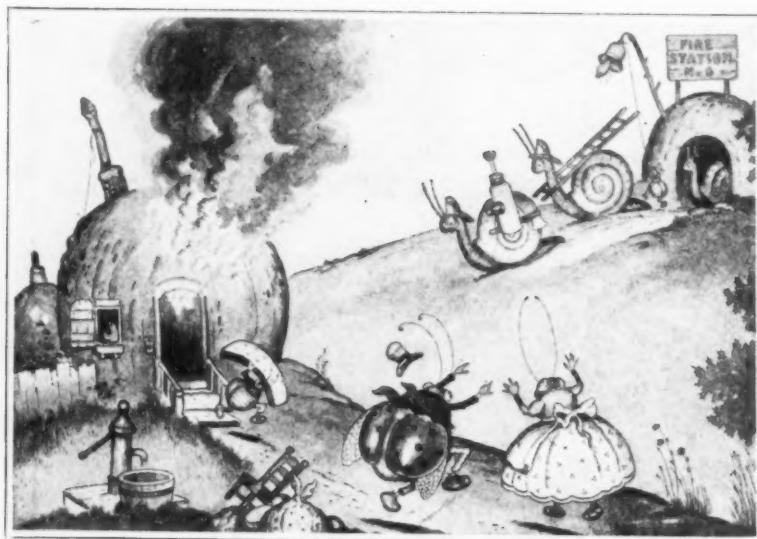
E. S. M.



The Striker's Dream



"This Is Your New Daddy, Dear!"



ON THE WAY

Mr. Bug: HURRAH! OUR HOME IS SAVED. THE FIRE DEPARTMENT HAS STARTED, AND SHOULD REACH HERE WITHIN THREE DAYS

LIFE'S Little Candidacies

THE Landlord's Candidate for President will demand an amendment to the Constitution to make tenancy a subject for exclusive Federal jurisdiction, with all leases to expire one week from the day to become effective. He will then promote a national rent law under which all rents shall be based on a per-room charge, all closets, presses, alcoves and recesses to count as rooms.

The minimum rate per room per month will be ninety dollars, on the theory that the tenant would have to pay that much for a room in a hotel if he could get in one.

An average rental of four hundred and fifty dollars per month for five-room flats will, it is believed, enable the rent brokers to maintain their own families in keeping with ordinary American standards, provided that all building is prohibited for five years, so as to give the brokers some assurance of the future state of business.

Society Notes in the Servantless Era

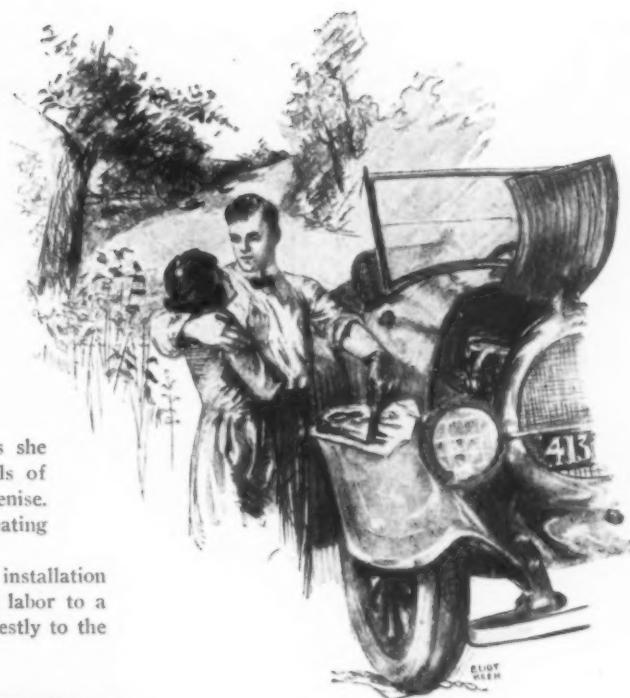
MRS. ALGERNON VANDERFOOLE has just ordered for her personal use a mahogany cabinet electric washer, in the new William and Mary period design, with the family crest in diamonds on the front panel.

A spirited motor-cleaning contest was held yesterday in the Goldrocke garage. One of our most popular young clubmen, Freddie Mainwaring, won first honors, polishing off his limousine in twenty-five minutes.

The Van Bibbles finished putting in their winter coal on Tuesday. Mr. "Jack" Van Bibble was in wonderful form, showing both speed and finish in his shovel action, while his older brothers, Neville and Augustus, handled the family motor truck and carried baskets with marked ability.

The early stroller in the vicinity of the de Payster home is often rewarded by a glimpse of its winsome young mistress, as she gracefully scrubs her white marble steps, attired in chic overalls of sunkist rosebud chintz, with a coquettish boudoir cap of near-Venise. Mrs. de Payster will be remembered as the winner in the carpet-beating bee, during the recent housecleaning carnival.

Mrs. G. Hardon Delancey is receiving congratulations on the installation of a magnificent automatic dishwasher, which reduces time and labor to a minimum, and enables its fair owner to devote herself more earnestly to the fine hardwood floors which distinguish the Delancey apartment.



She: I'M SURE YOUR CLUTCH IS ALL RIGHT, AND THE COMPRESSION IS BEAUTIFUL

On any pleasant day, Mr. J. Humphrey Longshotte may be seen at the palatial stables of his Long Island home, instructing his younger sons, Percy and Mandeville, in the art of grooming the blooded mounts which are a feature of the estate.

Dinner guests at the Uppertenne mansion are loud in their praises of the perfect butting of their genial host, Major J. Fremont Uppertenne.

The English-tailored overalls introduced by Mr. Reginald Noodle are rapidly finding favor with the younger householders of the smart set.

Mr. Harry Ledood, whose marriage to Miss Leona Spuddes will be celebrated to-morrow noon, gave a *recherché* cafeteria dinner to his ushers last evening.

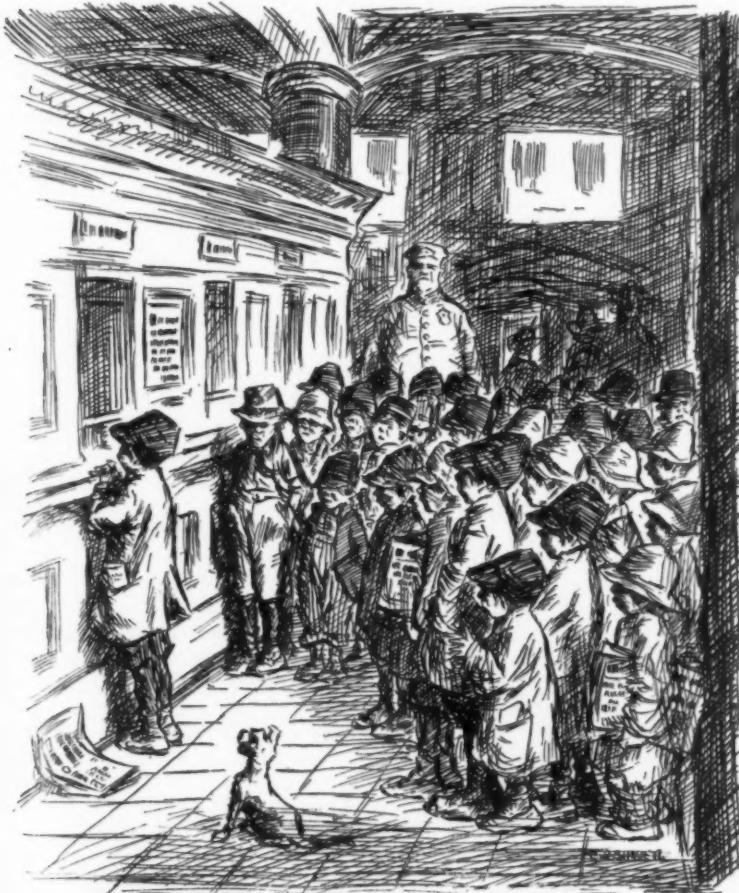
Corinne Rockwell Swain.

LIFE'S Title Contest

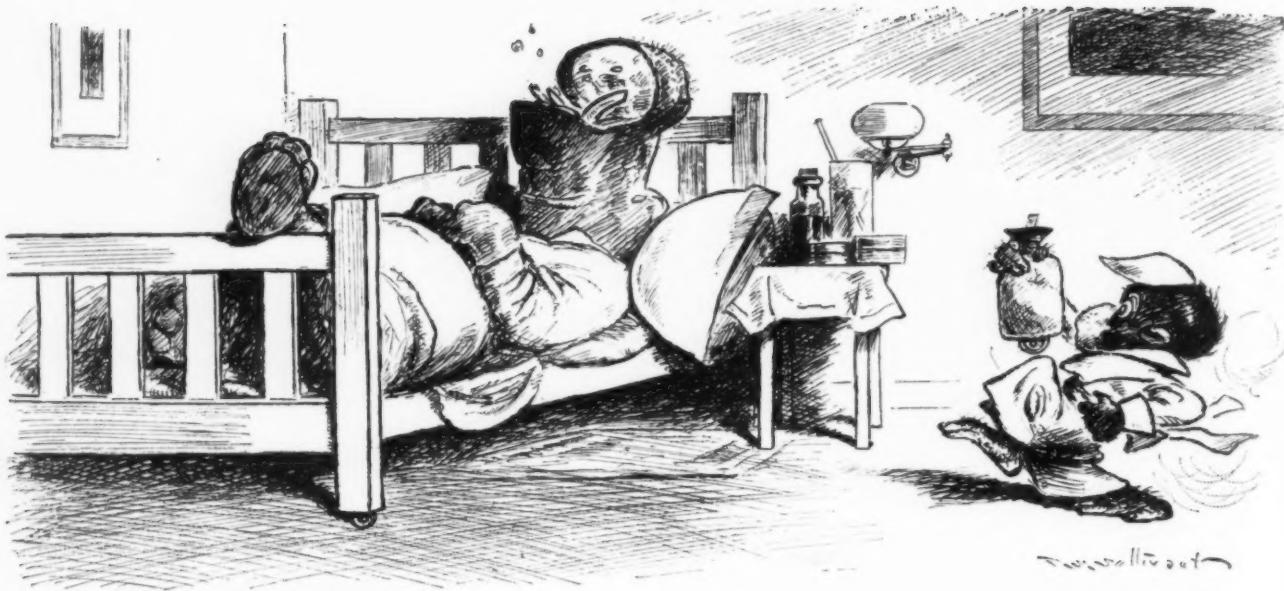
WILL be announced in as early an issue as possible, due notice of which will be published. The contest closed on May 3rd, the contributions coming in during the last week at an average of over three thousand a day! It is superfluous to state that a most careful reading of the titles requires time and patience.

MISS PAVONIA (of New York, thirteen, entertaining her cousin from Nebraska): Have you never been in New York before?

ELSIE (twelve): Oh, yes—once, when I was a child!



MICKEY, THE NEWSBOY, DEPOSITS HIS FIRST DOLLAR



Nurse: HERE! SEE IF THIS HOT-WATER BAG WON'T RELIEVE THE PAIN.
Patient: I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW BEST, NURSE; BUT ISN'T INDIA RUBBER RATHER INDIGESTIBLE?

The Greatest Union on Earth

(The little story that follows is neither fable, fiction, nor parable. Because it is fact culled from the day's work, it seems worth the telling. Better still, it is but a thin cross-section of what is happening daily throughout America wherever the Legion has furled its battle-flags. And we need something of optimism in this day of strikes and rumors of strikes, violence and threats of violence, and a promise that out of it all is coming that "nobler and better America" that lighted our way with its hopes in the darker days that have passed. It is only necessary to add that the real names have been disguised.)

O'BRIEN, the head of a family of six, waived exemption because he believed others knew better than he where he would most be needed when the call came. He landed in class 1-A, and went—without beefing or asking why. He was wounded three times and gassed, and after nine months in the hospitals was discharged, the doctors advising outdoor work to stave off incipient tuberculosis.

In a canvass for new members, an American Legion worker called at his home. Neighbors who were caring for five children said that the mother was doing day work, and that O'Brien was starting his third week in search of any kind of a job he could hold down.

Stein, the American Legion Post Employment Officer, corralled him that night, and for five solid days, forgetting his own business and the drive for new recruits, trudged with

him the streets of the city of brotherly love. Everywhere it was the same answer. "Too light for the job," softened, perhaps, with a smile or an "I wish we could, my boy."

Strangely, he was not too light for the job "Over There" he'd help finish, although when he came to the Post no tinge of bitterness or of rancor stamped his speech or manner. There remained only that last-ditch, "Let's go" spirit, that for nearly a month had driven one hundred and thirty pounds from door to door in search of work. They sent him to Mason,

a member of the Legion and Captain of the Guards of one of Philadelphia's oldest industries, and Mason put him on the pay roll—without asking why.

That is all, except that Stein, who neglected his business, was a Jew, Mason was a Protestant, and the man they "saw through" was a Catholic without a membership card in the Legion.

He Believed

M. R. P. Q. PLUNKINGTON, whose eminent position as a leading financier enables him to be an authority on everything American and European, was interviewed late yesterday afternoon as he stepped off the Blandonia.

"First of all," he said, "I want it known that I am an optimist. This is a great country—believe me. I look for a rapid fall in all exchanges, and I predict that wages here will go to five dollars an hour. Milk will sell for fifty cents a quart. But I believe in this wonderful country—I was born here. Yes, Europe is in a bad way—several millions are starving. We should go to their relief at once with a couple of billions or so. Germany, I think, will be ready to invade us in about ten years—but if I couldn't be an optimist I wouldn't be anything. So far as I can judge from present indications, the whole world is going to hell. But it's simply wonderful to be an optimist. Have a Corona?"



TOMATOES
She: IS THAT ONE OF THE "SPARKLING CLEOPATRAS?"
"WELL, NO; I FEEL THAT THIS MUST BE AN 'EARLY GIGANTIC.'"

L I F E



Out of Luck



Mr. MacProphets: OH, SURE, YOU FELLERS KIN PAINT 'EM ALL RIGHT; BUT BY JINKS! IT TAKES US T' BUY 'EM!

1920 Jabberwocky

TWAS votish and the candidates
Did smith and palmer in the air;
All bryaned were their addled pates,
Their brows hitchcocked with care.

" Beware the johnsonites, my son!
Fight hoover off with tooth and talon!
Beware the leonard wood, and shun
The frabjous henry allen!"

He took his ready pen in hand:
Long time the senate foes he sought—
Then rested he 'neath the white house
tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in rulish thought he stood,
The hoover boom with eyes of flame
Came clarking through the macadoo,
And pershinged as it came!

One! Two! One! Two! And through
and through
The ready pen went snicker-snack;
He slew it then and with his pen
He went galumping back.

" And hast thou slain the hoover boom?
And canst thou slay the hitchcock
boy?"

Oh, votish day! Come quickly, pray!
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas votish and the candidates
Did smith and palmer in the air;
All bryaned were their addled pates,
Their brows hitchcocked with care.

May Stanley.

Financial

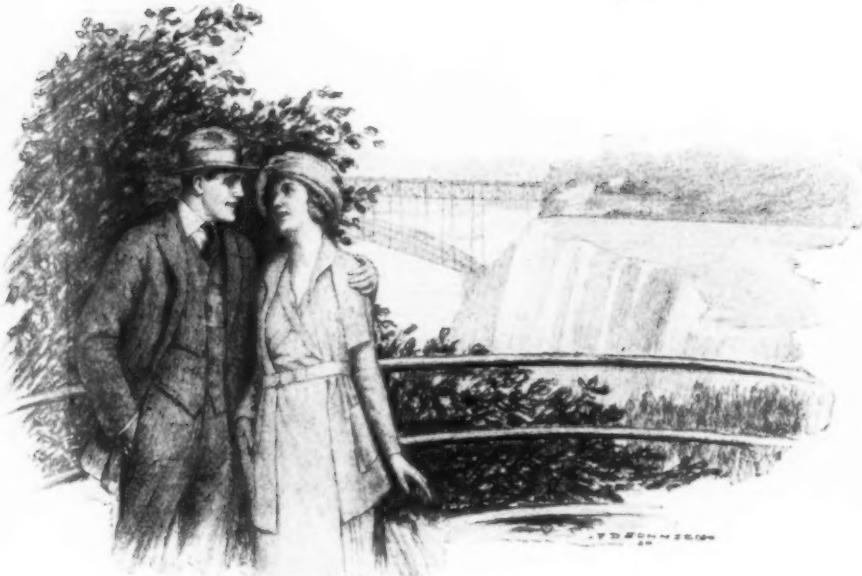
THEY were married by an arch-bishop."

" Did that make any difference?"
" Only about one hundred dollars."

WE remember the good old days, when
all you had to do to get into society
was to have your appendix out.



Mother: THAT NEW YOUNG MAN OF FRANCES' IS A VERY GOOD BILLIARD PLAYER.
I JUST COUNTED A RUN OF FIFTY



THINGS THEY DIDN'T SEE ON THEIR HONEYMOON

Between Child Laborers

TH E Stage Child and the Musical Prodigy met on the busy thoroughfare. "You're the man I've been looking for," said the Stage Child. "Tell me, what is this child-labor thing?"

"You shouldn't ask me," answered the Musical Prodigy. "I am a violin player. I don't know. But my playing . . . ah—"

"Yes," interrupted the Stage Child, "I know all about your playing. Your press agent took me to luncheon yesterday." The Stage Child was a bit sophisticated, for all her eleven years.

"Offhand," said the Prodigy, who was a bit piqued at her remark, "I should say child labor was the exploitation of minors for pecuniary gain."

"Author! Author!" jeered the Stage Child, who had already had too many years of vaudeville experience to her discredit. "Well, if what you just said is so, does it occur to you that we are child laborers?"

"I," exclaimed the Prodigy indignantly, "am an artissstt!"

"Surely you are. A remarkable one—for your age. But, if you'll pardon the question, what do you do with the great sums you receive for your efforts?"

"Part of it goes to my managers, part to the *Maestro* who taught me all I know, and—I support my family."

"Cutting out the *Maestro*, your case and mine are alike. Believe you me, I'm sick

of it. Asleep when I ought to be awake—awake when I ought to be in bed. Say! What wouldn't you give for an old-fashioned game of baseball?"

"Baseball—what is that? I know only my art. I live for my art. I am a grrreat artissstt!"

"I wonder if you would have been just as great if you had made your début when

you were a little more—er—mature," mused the Stage Child, who was really a terror. "Even your best notices are inclined to consider your future ability. Frankly now, for the time being, wouldn't you like a respectable, balanced education, well rounded out and embracing the simple pleasures and games in which ordinary children are ordinarily encouraged?"

"Well," said the Prodigy with refreshing naïvety, "to tell the truth, I would. My cousin, who is two years younger than I am, is constantly laughing at my flashes of ignorance. He says I can't read decently, or write, or figure, or even roller-skate, or spin a top, or play marbles, or do anything a regular boy can do. He's rather an ungrateful beggar—inasmuch as I'm paying for his schooling—and his tops and marbles, for that matter. But he does make me out a bit of a stupid."

"It makes me sick," sympathized the Stage Child. "We *have* dramatic ability. We *like* to act—and it's good for us, the professors say. But why, *why* must we sink to the level of adults and be forced to work with them for it? It's *their* songs and *their* silly problems we take part in, not ours. When I'm not helping them sing their nasty jazz, I'm playing the golden-haired, impossible chee-ild. Ugh! Nice, healthy atmosphere! And there's younger than I at it, too."

"Wow!" yelled the Prodigy, who, like all good little prodigies, had originally come from Russia. "I'm sick of it my-



A TRUE BELIEVER

Father: WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BUILD A DOG KENNEL FOR? YOU HAVEN'T A DOG.
"NO, BUT I PRAYED FOR ONE LAST NIGHT."



The Man on Top (to Sindbad): YOU'RE MAKING WONDERFUL PROGRESS, COMRADE. THINK OF HOW HARD IT WOULD BE WITHOUT ME!

self. Crazy old scales—stupid exercises—beastly arpeggios! Let's throw the whole thing. Let's run away. Let's—let's go to the movies!"

"Oh," said the Stage Child wistfully, "I'd like to. But . . . no, I guess not. I left mother having hysterics for a new polo coat, and only this morning pop mentioned the fact that gas was now thirty-three cents a gallon. Wish I'd never bought him his old automobile."

"I, too," said the Musical Prodigy, "I've got to buy dinner to-night for mother and father and grandpa and grandma and four aunts and three uncles and seventeen assorted cousins. After all, you can't shirk your responsibilities."

"No, that's the worst of it. You really

can't. Well, goo'-by, dearie. When are you going to take me to tea?"

"Just as soon as I can save up enough money out of my allowance," answered the Musical Prodigy eagerly, and with approving eyes he watched the trim figure of the Stage Child blend with the shifting traffic.

Henry William Hanemann.

FIRST INFANT LITERARY PRODIGY: Are you doing anything new?

SECOND, ETC.: I am at work on my reminiscences.

DO your Christmas shopping early. You may get the goods home before Christmas.

An Event

Why Not Let the Society Reporters Write Up the Divorces?

THE divorcée-to-be was beautifully gowned in a going-away tailored suit of black and blue, in memory of the groom's frequent handy presents to her. She entered the room on the arm of her father, and seated herself opposite the maid who had given her away to the husband. The divorce complaint was read by her attorney to the soft strains of "You'd Be Surprised," which were wafted into the room from a hand organ on the sidewalk below. During this part of the service every ear was strained to catch each word. Judge Breaktheknot then read the divorce decree in a sweetly solemn tone of voice and smiled benignly upon the ex-wife. Following the service both ex-wife and ex-husband were the recipients of many congratulations from their friends. The divorce is one of the most important of the local social season, untiring, as it does, the representatives of two of the city's pioneer families. The affair was perfect in all its appointments, and much praise for this feature has been showered upon Bailiff Smith, who had entire charge of the arrangements. After short trips the ex-wife will be at home to her friends at her father's home, while the ex-husband will take up quarters at the Bachelors' Club.

Enough

A BIG, powerful motor car slowed up as the occupants perceived a car of very modest proportions standing by the roadside in a rather battered condition. The owner of the car was on his knees, endeavoring to straighten out some of the parts.

"Have an accident, my man?" queried the man in the big car.

"No, thank you," grimly returned the other; "just had one."



Pup: COLLY! MUSIC DOES MAKE A FELLER FEEL FUNNY!



"ARE YOUR CLOTHES READY FOR THE REPAIR MAN?"
"YES, BUT I'M AFRAID TO LET HIM HAVE 'EM."
"WHY?"
"HE'S JUST MY SIZE."

A Modern Instance

NOAH built the ark, and because strikes were unknown in those days, it was ready for occupancy on contract time. Before the rains fell Noah and family had moved in together with the male and female representatives of every living thing upon earth.

But imagine the innumerable difficulties that would confront him to-day! He would encounter strikes if he did not employ union men, and would have to wrestle with the problem of additional compensation for overtime. There would be every sort of contention relative to the plans and specifications, and how many experts would tell him that his type of ark would founder as soon as it was launched?

Should it be oil- or coal-burning? Should he listen to the advocates of concrete or trust those who were sure that the ark's only safety lay in fabricated steel? And

not even the bonus system now in vogue could assure the ark's being ready on time.

Then, when the ark was eventually launched, thousands would rebel against getting on board. The Senate would refuse passage unless reservations were held for them. The Yogis would claim they had no room for their exercises, and the ouija-fiends would declare that they had had no warnings of approaching floods. The traffic departments would insist on making the promenade deck a one-way street, and the health authorities would probably condemn the whole proposition on the grounds that there were not enough windows. And finally, the most efficient Noah in the world to-day could never launch his Ark unless the wets outnumbered the drys.



PUZZLE
WHICH SEAT WILL THE YOUNG MAN TAKE?



WHEN FOREIGN ROYALTIES WANT REAL HOMAGE, LET THEM COME TO DEMOCRATIC AMERICA

Passing a Crisis

A Short Glimpse into the Future, Showing the Ideal Domestic State

Scene: The office of a private house. Books on wall, and large, heavily laden desk in centre, at which a rather handsome, self-contained-looking woman is engaged in sorting over papers. The door slowly opens, and a pale-faced man, her husband, enters. He moves stealthily into a leather chair, sinking down with a sigh.

SHE (smiling brightly): Well, darling, I am just finishing the leases of your houses, and will have them ready for you to read and sign presently. I think you will find them quite all right.

HE: I've no doubt of it. You do things so well. Suppose I must read them over. Wish you might have the pieces transferred to you. It's a bore having to read papers.

SHE (scratching): Never mind; it won't take long. And it's only a matter of form. Have a pleasant ride?

HE: Dusty, but not bad; air makes me sleepy. (Yawns.)

SHE: Shall we play a game of cribbage?

HE: Not up to it, thanks.

SHE: Suppose I read to you a while. I had some work to finish up, but it can wait.

HE: No, thanks. You've caught cold, you know, and your voice is a bit husky; not that I mind too much.



"AH, SURE! THE O'HOOLEYS MUST BE LIVIN' TOGETHER AGIN'"



"THANKS, OLD MAN; I DON'T SMOKE. BUT IF YOU DON'T MIND I'LL TAKE IT HOME TO THE GIRLS."

SHE: You're a dear (*adjusts a pillow back of him*). Back hurt?

HE: Well, you know what that limousine is. The creature that made that body ought to be shot.

SHE (*soothingly*): There, there, don't get excited. Shall I take off your shoes?

HE: Thanks, old puss. You're a nice one, all right. What have you been doing with yourself all day? Busy, as usual?

SHE: I ran about the Exchange this morning and pulled out a couple of thousand. I had a deal on at noon—you know Codgers? Nice girl, but a sharper, all right—we closed it up. I sold the warehouse in Brooklyn this afternoon; that took up a couple of hours. Then there was a conference that—

HE: Please, dear, don't! You make me fairly dizzy. And I wonder.

SHE (*starting*): You wonder?

HE: Yes. I wonder and wonder.

SHE (*fixing him with her eye*): What have you been wondering? (*Grabbing him*) You haven't been thinking, have you?

HE: Yes. I think I have been thinking.

SHE (*aside*): It's come! You've been thinking—what of?

HE: Of life, of the world, of myself, of everything. I have nothing to do but think—that's what is the matter with me. If I keep on thinking, I shall go mad. It is you who are so happy

—you have no time to think. You are making money, you have an occupation—deals, conferences. Now I see it all. I must—

SHE (*grabbing him again*): Stop! You must not. You must never think again. If I catch you thinking around this house, I'll—I'll choke you!

HE: Not to-night. I am too tired. Wait till to-morrow. What harm is there in my thinking? I'm sure I didn't mean to cause you any trouble.

SHE: Do you want to ruin my life? Then keep on thinking, and if you keep on you will want to act, and when you act—then will come the end. You must never think again.

HE: Why not?

SHE (*aside*): I shall have to tell him. Listen, darling. Try to concentrate on my words. This is why you must not think again: My life is full of business, but I am still a woman, and in order that I may satisfy the feminine part that still remains, I must care for somebody, otherwise I, too, would go mad. You are my husband, and as long as you don't think and don't do anything, I can fulfill my craving for waiting on you. But if you begin to think, you will want to act for yourself; then I shall have nobody to make sacrifices to. Therefore you must not think any more. Do you understand?

HE: Yes, dear, I understand. Forgive me!

SHE: Besides, thinking will only make you unhappy.

HE: Yes, yes. How wonderful it is to feel that my selfishness keeps you in such condition to support us both so beautifully.

SHE: Hush! It is time for you to go to the sandman. Nighty-night!

T. L. M.



"IT'S RATHER WARM IN HERE, ISN'T IT?"

Popular Beauty (*absently*): DO YOU REALLY MEAN THAT?
MOST MEN PREFER BLONDES.



MAY 20, 1920

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHARLES DANA GIBSON, PresidentGEORGE B. RICHARDSON, Vice-President
LE ROY MILLER, Treasurer
GEORGE D'UTASSY, Secretary17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
London Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.VOL. 75
No. 1959EDWARD S. MARTIN, Editor
THOMAS L. MASSON, Managing Editor
F. DE SALES CASEY, Art Editor

ries, which was disappointing, though Hoover got a lot of votes for a beginner about 170,000.

But let us not repine.

Let us let the Republicans walk. Those were their primaries and their candidates. A good many of them can bear to have Hoover lose, but a whole lot of them cannot so easily bear to have Johnson win.

As between Hoover and Johnson in California, it was not a question which of two able men of like political wishes and intentions the voters preferred, but which of two men of absolutely opposite views on the biggest issue to be settled. Just at this moment of writing, Hoover and Johnson are discussing each other's views about the League of Nations, but everybody knows that Hoover wants it and Johnson doesn't—that Hoover all along has tried to help get it, and Johnson from the beginning has done his utmost to beat it.

A great many Republicans, mighty good ones, want the League much more than any other political thing under discussion. They want, as Hoover says, to get in with the moral forces and help rescue the world. A great many of them will be apt to vote for a candidate who favors that purpose and seems competent to achieve it, as against another who is opposed to it.

That is the Republican dilemma. A very large fraction of that party inclines

to the policies of the one-hundred-percent-selfish Americans. They are glad to be out of the League, and hope to stay out. They will vote for Knox or Lowden or Wood or any other regular Republican with good old-fashioned views and a disposition to fetch life back to the condition that was so comfortable for almost two generations of Republicans, especially when the tariff was right. They are for America first, and strong against Bolshevism, and shy at entangling alliances, and incline to regard the war as a bad dream and all disturbing interpretations of it as very bad form indeed. It is not difficult to understand these Republicans, and evidently they constitute a very important fraction of the party. What is hard to understand is how they are going to be gathered in behind any one candidate with their fellow-Republicans who entertain entirely different views.



THE Republican party is now two parties, and in that respect it is very much like the rest of the world. Both Europe and these States are divided into two great groups, those who think that war as a method of settling political disputes has had a knockout, and those who do not yet see it so. The first group seems to be numerically stronger, but the second is strong in the governing classes of the world and still controls Europe, and in this country has been able to control the Senate and reject the Peace Treaty. The

question of the most importance to be determined in the conventions here next month is whether the candidates will be taken from the first or the second of these groups. Are they to be men who are committed to the idea that this is a new era and there must be a new order in the world, or men who think the old arrangements are still the best obtainable, and must be patched up and kept going?



UNTIL one or the other of these groups gains control of our government, we can't tell what action our country will take. Neither can one tell what will be done in Europe until it is clear which group will control there. And of course settlement there is grievously delayed by the uncertainty here, because our co-operation is so urgently needed, especially to start the wheels and rescue the perishing in middle Europe.

Possibly the action of the two conventions will let real light in on the situation. At all events we must hope that, between them, they will give to each of these great groups in this country a candidate who represents its views.

So far as facts went, the war did its job. It furnished amply the evidence that wholesale war is played out, that civilization cannot stand it in its contemporary development, and that armies and navies, beyond police needs, are mere hang-overs. The men like Philip Gibbs and Frederick Palmer and many, many others who were in the war from beginning to end, and saw and felt it and thought about it, are convinced of that, and so are the great masses of the fighting troops and of other people who suffered. They have all lost faith in war. But the habits of mind of the governors of the world are slow to change, distrustful of the ideal, and loath to let go of what they understand, until the substi-



The Scooter

tutes for it have become more tangible. That is natural enough. The road from the old order to the new is full of bumps and obstacles, and it is slow going on it. England reaches out all over the world after oil wells, and seems to be getting them. That stroke of enterprise smacks of the old order, but all the mischief of that will come out in the general wash, for no nation is going to monopolize the world's coal oil so long as it continues to be one of the prime necessities of civilization. In most matters England seems to be making faster progress towards the new order than we are, though her old habits of mind—what the psychologists call "complexes"—hold her back still in some matters, as in the case of Ireland. But Ireland seems to be making progress all the time, and the prospect that she will presently become a satisfactory and prospering political museum grows better every day.

And probably Russia is getting along, and will arrive somewhere presently, though *her* political museum still seems oversupplied with freaks. It is getting to be, however, that people may say that Lenin has a remarkable mind and is a remarkable man, without much danger of being exported. To all present appearance the salvation of Russia is to be

worked out in Russia without much outside assistance, and there are those who think the coming idea in government will eventually come from there.

And Mexico also may win through by her own efforts. A more promising political disturbance than usual seems at this writing to be proceeding there, and complicates the difficulty of writing the Mexican plank in the Republican platform.



HEREABOUTS the evidence seems to be gradually accumulating that strikes that affect the necessities of life or the great public utilities are of the nature of war, and must go. They had one in Kansas last winter that held up coal, and the Kansas legislature got to work and abolished such strikes and made other provision for settling labor troubles. And the provision made (for settlement by arbitration) is said to be working to the general advantage.

Here in New York a fresh project of truckmen and fishhandlers to hold up the city is meeting (May 9th) with so cold a

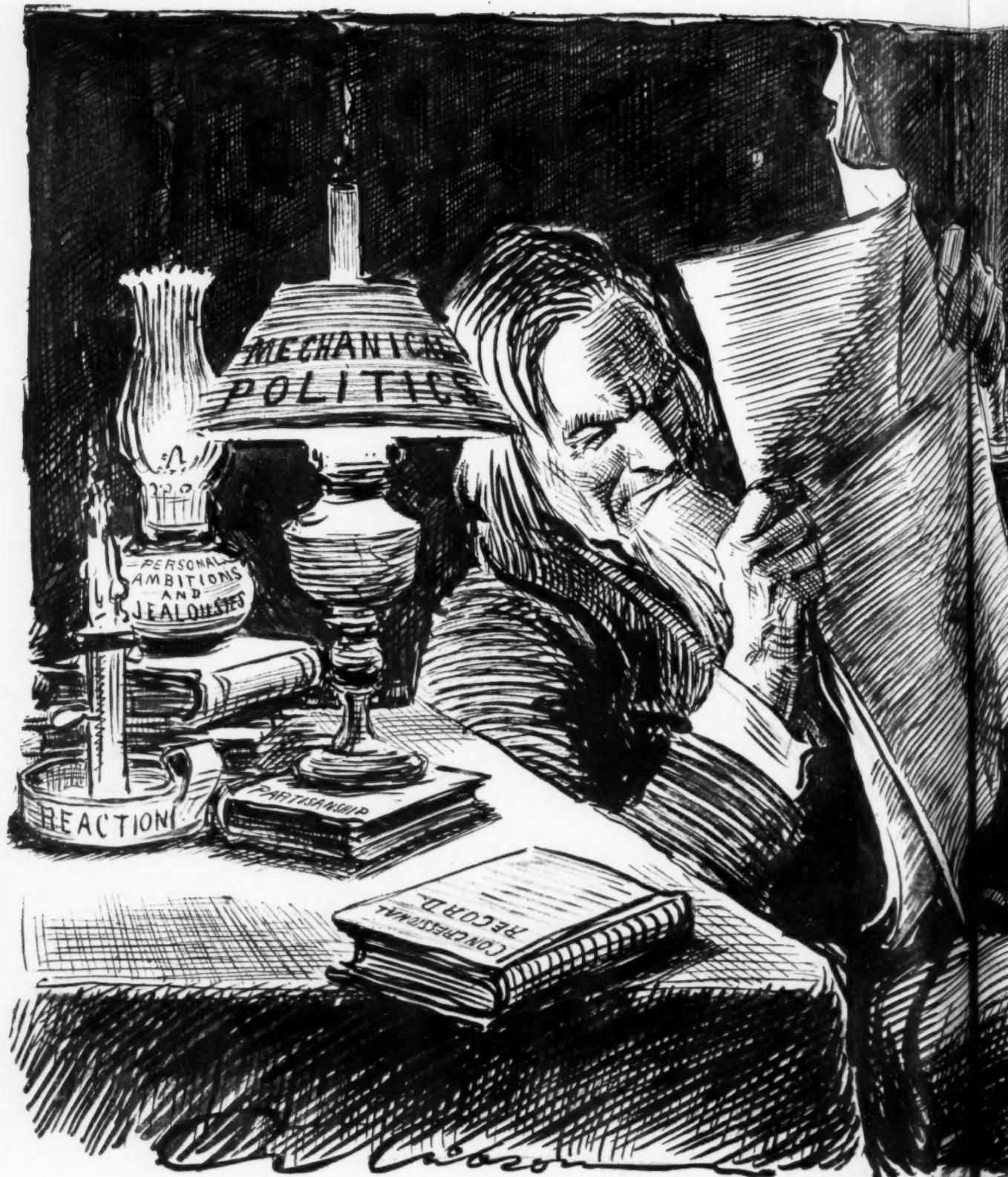
reception and such preparations for non-union trucking as may have quite interesting results—as interesting, possibly, as those of the coal strike in Kansas, though the Kansas legislature is probably smarter than ours and not so busy disciplining Socialists.

The idea is getting around that we pay more than we should for most things that we buy, and that too many people are making much too much money. It is a good idea for the platform-builders to introduce at the conventions, but the man who really has it sized up, and best understands the merits and the complications of it, and is best fitted to deal with it, is Hoover.

Hoover as a candidate is very speculative. We may not be able to tell whether he will run for President until both conventions are over. But Hoover as an idea—as a platform and a definition of purposes—is strong and sound and concrete.

He stands for what the forward-looking people want. He differs from Mr. Wilson about the reservations to the Treaty, but still he and Mr. Wilson seem to be looking in the same general direction, the difference being that what Hoover wants looks more obtainable than what Mr. Wilson's mind is fixed on.

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"Aren't you ruining your

LIFE



"ruining your eyesight?"



Paging Summer

AT the first turn in the Summer Musical Comedy Handicap, "Honey Girl" seems to be leading the other entries of the week by a slight margin. "The Girl from Home" has an amusing plot but indifferent music; "Betty, Be Good" has tuneful music but one of the worst books in the history of civilization; "Honey Girl" tells an interesting story, and combines with it some very catchy music, which is more than can be said for most musical comedies of this age.

It is by no means a remarkable production. The old race-track play, "Checkers," has been taken out and curry-combed, fed up with bran-mash, and made into a musical comedy by Edward Clark and Albert Von Tilzer. It isn't that it is particularly well done, but it isn't particularly badly done, which is high praise when you consider its possibilities. And Mr. Von Tilzer has written a large number of songs, of which a legal percentage contain a vivifying kick.

"Honey Girl" is one of those racing plays where people are constantly shouting "They're off!" and looking feverishly through field-glasses at a space just to the left of the backdrop, where the stage carpenter is probably standing, while the orchestra plays "buckety-buckety" music and everyone in the audience gets excited, although they know perfectly well that there isn't a horse-race within eighty miles of the theatre. The chorus, too, do a great deal of screaming and rushing about, but you don't mind that so much after you have heard them sing. A cast, headed by Lynne Overman and George McKay, take adequate care of the lines, some of which are good, and of the lyrics, most of which are terrible. I think that there are some states in which Mr. Overman could be hanged for singing a song like "I'm Trying," one of those recitative things with a perfectly dandy moral, this one, in particular, based on Kipling's "If."

But, taken by and large (which is how you have to take any musical comedy if you want to take it at all), "Honey Girl" is good entertainment.



"THE GIRL FROM HOME" had much better antecedents than "Honey Girl," having been, in the old days, Richard Harding Davis's comedy, "The Dictator." It is still very amusing, and Frank Craven plays the William Collier part as well

as anyone could except William Collier. But somehow you are constantly expecting more than you ever get. Silvio Hein's music is not what you look for from Silvio Hein. It is all right enough, and there are no discords, and nobody sings a sentimental recitative, but, aside from a song about wireless, in which each member of the chorus is equipped with an electric spark with which they keep approximate time to the music in the approximate dark, there is nothing that you feel particularly impelled to buy in the lobby. It must in all fairness be said, however, that to the naked eye the chorus and show-girls are very gratifying, very gratifying.

The whole production gives one the impression of having just returned from a round-the-world tour of fifteen years, having started out brand-new in 1905. Not that it is at all shop-worn, but the whole atmosphere of the thing, scenery, costumes, cast and situations, topping off with the dramatic entry of a squad of United States marines from the battleship Pennsylvania just in time to thwart the rebel general in his plot to shoot the United States consul, is reminiscent of the time when Raymond Hitchcock was singing "It Was Not Like That in the Olden Days" and Frank Daniels was asking if his face was red. And, after all, maybe that wouldn't be a bad atmosphere to bring back.

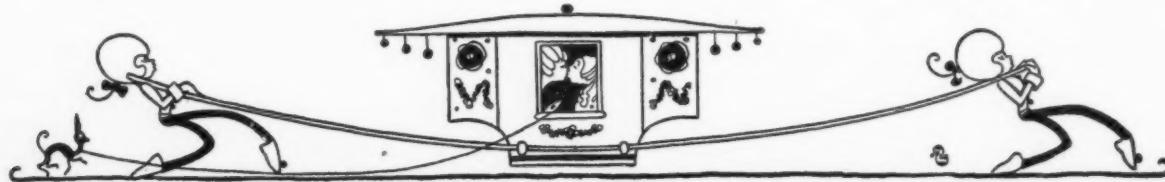


OF "Betty, Be Good" at the Casino not much can be said, except that it has some pretty music. That, of course, is something. But you can buy the music and play it for yourself, or hang around a mechanical player in a store on Broadway until you have learned to whistle it, and, by so doing, you will save yourself the embarrassment of sitting through a very cheap and very banal performance.



"NOT SO LONG AGO" has no music, except that which the orchestra plays between the acts, and as the action of the play is supposed to transpire before 1890, the incidental music, of course, consists of "Annie Laurie," "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," and "Ben Bolt." Any period earlier than 1890 always calls for these tunes.

As a matter of fact, "Not So Long Ago" is a tender little play of the early '70's, and, if you don't mind tender little plays, it is excellent fare. A romantic young dressmaker, romantically played by Eva Le Gallienne, comes home each night to regale her girl friends with tales of the courtly attentions of the young master in the house where she has been sewing, all of which she has made up out of whole cloth (to use a dressmaking term) as the result of reading too many paper-covered love-stories—and, incidentally, as a result of being in love herself with the young master. He discovers that he is being made the hero of an affair in which he hardly knows the other party by sight, and very gallantly enters into the spirit of the deception, which soon, of course, ceases to be a deception at all.





The author, Mr. Arthur Richman, has given the play enough pleasant humor to keep it from mildewing during the more damp scenes, and a capable cast makes it doubly acceptable.

The audience derives a certain grim amusement from discussions among the characters acent the high cost of living in the '70's. Eggs were then considered soaring when the price reached twenty-five cents a dozen, and a great deal of talk was occasioned by someone's paying three dollars a pair for shoes. And considering the ease with which laughs can be drawn from an audience simply by presenting a character dressed in the style of forty years ago, it is a little embarrassing for a man to-day to look down

at his own expensive suit and realize that, in some play in 1960, an audience is going to scream with mirth when the comedy character appears in an identical outfit. It is, indeed, a sobering thought.



ATERRIBLE thing happened at the Fulton Theatre week before last, terrible even for the Fulton Theatre. It was the result of Prohibition, and was described as being "an antidote for the Eighteenth Amendment." Papers found in the pockets seem to point to its name having been "Oh, Henry!" Traffic was delayed for half an hour.

Robert C. Benchley.



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the actions at the theatres mentioned.

Astor.—"East Is West." A Chinese girl's adventures with love and the English language. Scene: San Francisco.

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter." A similar Chinese girl's somewhat similar adventures with love and the English language. Scene: New York.

Bijou.—"The Ouija Board." A crime melodrama utilizing the popular method of spirit communication.

Booth.—"Not So Long Ago." Reviewed herewith.

Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through." Sentimental play in which Jane Cowl, as a returned spirit, wears an old-fashioned gown charmingly.

Casino.—"Betty, Be Good." Reviewed herewith.

Central.—"As You Were." Sam Bernard and Irene Bordoni in a musical show suitable for their needs.

Century.—"Florodora." Monkey glands applied to an old favorite with a certain amount of success.

George M. Cohan.—"The Hottentot." A comedy about horse-racing, made funny by William Collier.

Cohan and Harris.—"Honey Girl." Reviewed herewith.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends." Clifton Crawford in a highly amusing mixup with women and money.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." A series of historical episodes in the life of the great American, sympathetically and inspiringly dramatized by an Englishman.

Eltinge.—"Martinique." A languid romance of St. Pierre, done in brilliant colors and Martinique French.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Storm." Hon-

est men, with shirts open at the neck, all mixed up with a blizzard, a girl and a forest fire in God's great outdoors.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Look Who's Here?" Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield with girls and music to match.

Fulton.—"Oh, Henry." Reviewed herewith.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'." Frank Bacon in a comedy characterization which is still new in spite of its record-breaking run of two seasons.

Garrick.—"Jane Clegg." An excellent presentation of the drab, humdrum tragedies of English middle-class life.

Globe.—"The Girl from Home." Reviewed herewith.

Greenwich Village.—"Foot-loose." Notice later.

Harris.—"The Respect for Riches." Notice later.

Henry Miller.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Blanche Bates and Henry Miller in one of the season's most successful satires, dealing with the American woman in public life.

Hudson.—"Clarence." A delightful comedy of such post-war problems as adolescence and piano-tuning.

Knickerbocker.—"Shavings." Cape Cod types in a comedy to which any child may take its parents.

Liberty.—"The Night Boat." A musical show of great popularity, thanks to Ada Lewis and John Hazzard and other things.

Little.—"Beyond the Horizon." The tragedy of a dreamer confined by Fate to a farm, written and acted with great distinction.

Longacre.—"Adam and Eva." Amusing comedy of a father's trials with his extravagant family.

Lyceum.—"The Gold Diggers." Ina Claire in a chorus-girlie play which continues to attract large sums of money to the box-office and ticket-agencies.

Lyric.—"What's in a Name?" Unusually ingenious musical show, tastefully staged.

Maxine Elliott's.—"All Soul's Eve." Notice later.

Morosco.—"The Hole in the Wall." Martha Hedman making spiritualism attractive.

New Amsterdam.—Ed. Wynn's Carnival. The ever-present and ever-amusing master of ceremonies in a little something of his own, with music.

Nora Bayes.—"Lassie." One of the most satisfying musical scores in town.

Park.—"Macushla" with Chauncey Olcott. Notice later.

Playhouse.—"The Wonderful Thing." Love, and Jeanne Eagles, and plenty of sugar.

Plymouth.—"Three Showers." Recently acquired southern accents utilized in singing about Dixie. Hardly worth the trouble.

Princess.—"Mrs. Jimmie Thompson." Boarding-house life amusingly portrayed.

Republic.—"The Sign on the Door." A murder mystery in which one's sympathy is divided between Marjorie Rambeau, the heroine, and Lowell Sherman, the villain.

Selwyn.—"Buddies." A comedy of life in the post-war A. E. F. in France, accompanied with pleasing music.

Shubert.—Sothern and Marlowe in Shakespearean repertory.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Scandal." Drawing-room sex lore.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene." An unusually good musical comedy which is having a deserved success.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show." All right if you like it.

Ziegfeld Frolic.—Eat and be merry.



The Latest Books

PAINTED MEADOWS, by Sophie Kerr. (George H. Doran Company.) This new novel, with its scene laid in a Maryland village, is a story distinctively American and altogether delightful; easily worth more than Sophie Kerr's four previous books combined. Fundamentally it is a straight romance and a study of two kinds of constancy—man's and woman's. Quite as important to most readers will be the charming portrayal of an entire community—all the people who count coming and going throughout the tale. To many thousands of readers it offers a satisfaction scarcely achieved once a year.

The Letters of Henry James, edited by Percy Lubbock. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) Two vivid volumes—for Henry James "let himself go" in his letters as he never did in his fiction. The full force of his artist's purpose is disclosed in many

sentences almost fanatical and often disdainful, though never supercilious or cold. Among the priceless things are his views of the work of other writers. The spectacle of James uniting with Stevenson to belittle Thomas Hardy's *Tess* will, for some, be—well, alone worth the price of admission.

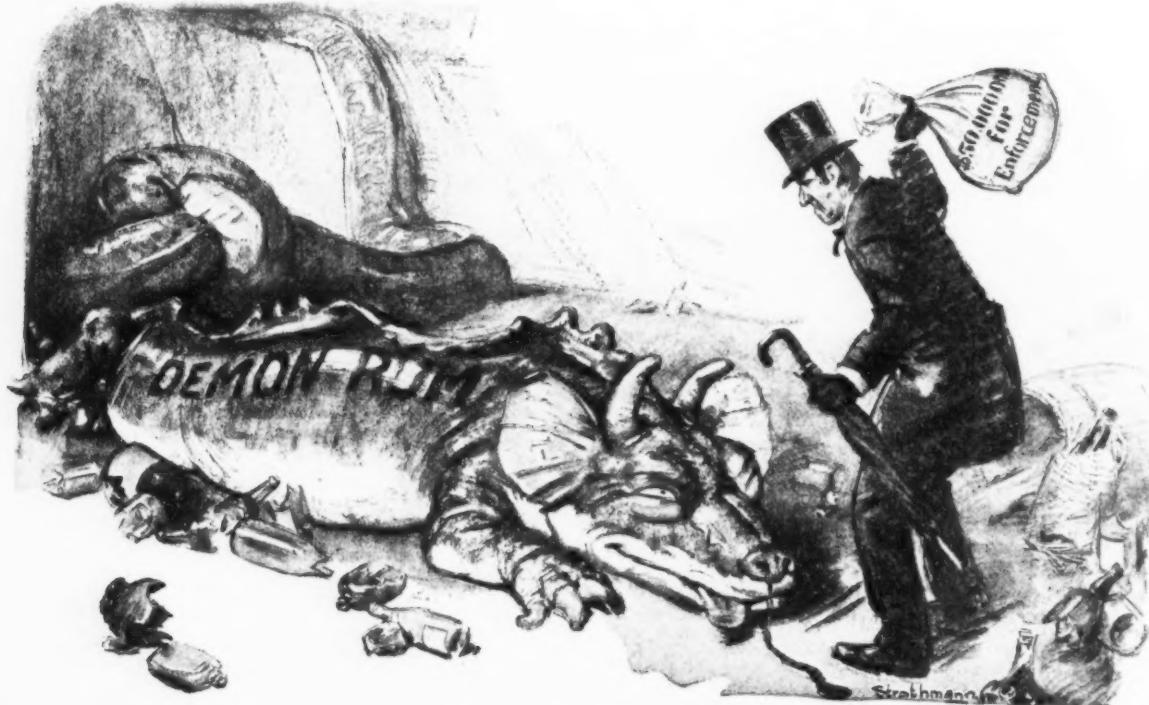
Memories and Records, by Lord John Fisher. (George H. Doran Company.) We understand that the boy stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled; and if the boy was Admiral Lord Fisher we can quite understand the exodus from the moment when he began to dictate the content of these two volumes. There used to be a French phrase (very popular; worked to death) about the "terrible child." Imagine a terrible child with the Peter Pan quality of never growing up, and you will have some notion of the rôle

of Lord Fisher in English public life. It is this irrepressible personality of his that will make joyous reading for the many, a smaller number will weigh carefully what the author has to say about British naval operations throughout the war. He conceives they were wretchedly handled, and his arguments have at least the backing of his own splendid record of service and acknowledged naval genius.

Jane Austen, by O. W. Firkens. (Henry Holt & Co.) A critical and biographical estimate so sound, so keen and so seductively written as to make you vow you'll read, or re-read, Jane yourself.

Fighting Without a War, by Ralph Alberston. (Harcourt, Brace & Howe.) Military intervention in North Russia. The only candid, firsthand account we have seen.

(Continued on page 956)



Making Him Stay Dead

Our Course in English

Conversations for the Benefit of Those Who Wish to Obtain Quickly a Knowledge of Our Esteemed Language

HELLO! (That is a word expressive of wonder and sometimes of apprehension.) There goes a politician. What is he doing here? Oh, everything and everybody.

He looks like a fairly nice man. Is he always the same?

What makes you think a politician is always the same? Oh, no. Sometimes the politician is a congressman, sometimes he is a Cabinet officer, and also he may be a President. You cannot tell.

The politician is counting votes. He is all for votes. (An idiomatic expression significant of concentration.)

Yes, the politician concentrates upon votes. By votes he lives. He will do anything for votes.

There is a man with a vote. And there is another. You cannot see it, but it is there. You have a vote. I might have a vote if I were an American.

And now what is the matter with the politician? He is afraid. He is shaking. Yes, he is afraid he has offended somebody.

We must not let him get that way. We must give him our votes.

That is what he is for, and what we are for. Ha, ha! (Expression significant of joy.)

KISSING is still going on because it comes under the head of soft goods.



JIMMY'S IDEA OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS



THEIR FIRST RADISH

The Bereaved

IN the beginning, less than five years ago, the Blinkins family consisted of John, Sarah, his wife; Gladys and Gordon, the children; Aunt Hettie, a beloved dependent, and Pearline, the cook.

The cook went first. "I have been with you nine years," she said, "but I cannot stay unless you raise my wages from eight to twenty dollars a week."

The landlord raised the rent, and the family moved into smaller quarters.

"We must let you go, Aunt Hettie. We cannot afford the room you occupy."

The country went dry. A cozy and comforting cellarette followed Aunt Hettie and the cook. Again the landlord raised the rent.

"We will have to live in one room," agreed the Blinkins, "which means putting the children in an institution."

A bookcase in the daytime became a bed at night; the dining-room table, when not used for that purpose, became a chair, but there was no way of utilizing the piano.

"I cannot give it up," sobbed Mrs. Blinkins.

"We must," said her husband firmly. The piano went, and there appeared hanging from a nail on the wall a tuning fork. "We will continue to feed our souls," said Mrs. Blinkins, "and a tuning fork takes up no room."

Books, pictures, bric-à-brac went; the clock was replaced by a wrist watch; the stove by a chafing dish; the dressing table by a vanity box.

The landlord again raised the rent.

"We will have to move into a closet," said Blinkins; "but," looking on the bright side, "thank Heaven, we won't have to call for a moving van."



LIFE'S DARKEST MOMENTS

SOLD OUT

Poetic Profiteering

TALK about food profiteering; wear overalls to bring down the price of clothing; curse the men who fixed the income tax, and ask what the world is coming to when bricklayers are making more than professors, and dressmakers' cutters than art critics. Go to the retreat of some poet friend, and he will groan over it as loudly as the rest, but all the while he is the worst profiteer of them all. "It is enough to make a saint tremble," as the unapproachable Margery would say, to think of the profits these very

poets, whose faces are contorted with agony over what the butcher is charging them, are shaking down on their own wares. Take the case of Poe. It is doubtful if he got more than ten or fifteen cents a line for "The Raven," and yet look what used to be considered a line in those days:

And the Raven never flitting, still is sitting,
still is sitting,
On the Pallid bust of Pallas, just above my
chamber door.

Picture the process through which these same lines would pass in order to fit them

for one of our modern poetry magazines. Leaving out the intermediate stages, it is easy to see how the fever would have got into the poet's blood with this final result:

And the Raven
Never flitting,
Still is sitting . . .
Sitting . . .
Sitting . . .
On the pallid bust
Of Pallas,
Just above
My chamber
Door!

When computed, this change will be discovered to represent a profit of five hundred per cent., and while the lay reader may feel that it makes the poem resemble a wounded snake dragging its slow length along, the poet will see in it a "pattern" which demanded this exact treatment. Sometimes the poets are not quite sure at first what the "pattern" is. An editor who lately had occasion to purchase verses by the line, reports that between acceptance of one bit of vers libre and its publication, changes by the author totaled enough "Ah's" and ". . .'s" to cover the recent week's rise in food prices.

Constance Murray Greene.

In Newport

MRS. PENOBCOT'S daughters are all married, aren't they?"
"Good gracious, yes!—and divorced."



Duck: THERE GOES OLD HIRAM TURTLE AGAIN, TELLING ABOUT THE FRESHET OF 1841. HE'S EITHER OUR OLDEST INHABITANT OR OUR BIGGEST LIAR



Lack of Sleep may be the Fault of Your Bed

GHE normal healthy person should never have any trouble in sleeping soundly. Neither work nor worry can keep you awake night after night if your bed invites complete repose.

If your bed is quiet, the very fatigue of the day will make your nerves relax. But it only takes the slight creak of a wooden bed, the rattle of an ordinary metal bed, to startle the nerves, causing dreams and restlessness.

* * *

You should know the Simmons Bed—

The noiseless bed—

The bed built for sleep.

Thousands of people will tell you that they never realized how deep and sound sleep can be, until they discarded wooden beds and ordinary metal beds for a Simmons Bed—noiseless, restful, sleep-inviting.

Simmons Company are pioneer makers of Metal Beds built for sleep—

Makers of the wonderful Simmons Springs that really do invite the body to lie out flat, every muscle relaxed—

Specialists, too, in Twin Beds—that fine principle of a separate bed for every one, so that one sleeper does not disturb the other, or communicate a cold or other ailment.

* * *

Ask the leading dealer in your section about Simmons Steel Beds, Brass Beds, Children's Cribs and Springs—the most popular sleeping equipment in his store.

They cost little if any more than ordinary beds and springs.

And when you are selecting your Simmons Beds with an eye to their appearance in the room, you will see that Simmons has for the first time established *beautiful and authoritative design* in Metal Beds.



The "SHERATON"
No. 1967—in Twin Pair

Made of Simmons' new Square Steel Tubing—Seamless, smooth and beautifully finished.

Exquisitely enameled in the accepted Decorative Colors.

Has the Simmons patented pressed steel *Noiseless Corner Locks*. Easy rolling casters.

Your choice of Twin Pair and Double Width. Specially pleasing in *Twin Pair*.

Sleep is a big subject! Write us for the brochure, "What Leading Medical Journals and Health Magazines Say About Separate Beds and Sound Sleep." Free of charge.

SIMMONS COMPANY

ELIZABETH ATLANTA KENOSHA SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL
(Executive Offices: Kenosha, Wis.)

SIMMONS BEDS-Built for Sleep

**A Stayer**

Two rich business men were chatting together when an elderly man passed by.

"That's Brown; he works for me," said one of the two.

"He's an honest-looking chap," remarked the other. "Has he any staying power?"

"He has that," replied the first. "He began at the bottom of the ladder in '76, and he's stayed there ever since."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Her Job

"That young lady is very striking."

"A handsome girl."

"But I never see her doing any work around your law office."

"She's valuable, however. When the other side has a pretty witness we find her very useful as a counter attraction."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A SENTIMENTALIST, it occurs to us, is one who lives beyond his intellectual income.

—*New York Evening Post.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 15 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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Notice of change of address should reach this office ten days prior to the date of issue to be affected.



*Spirit: I CAME HERE FOR A NICE LONG REST,
AND NOW I'VE GOT TO GO TO ANOTHER DARNED
SÉANCE!*

In for Orders

The battalion was resting beside the road toward the end of its sixteen-mile hike. After the weary marchers had eased their packs and sipped from their nearly empty canteens, they watched dispiritedly the energetic setting-up exercises being gone through by a strange outfit in a nearby field.

"What's that there gang?" inquired Private Hanks of Oklahoma without enthusiasm.

"Infantry candidates' school," replied the corporal.

"Candidates! Infantry candidates!" exploded Hanks. "My good gosh! Do you have to make application and be initiated to get into this mess nowadays?"

—*Home Sector.*

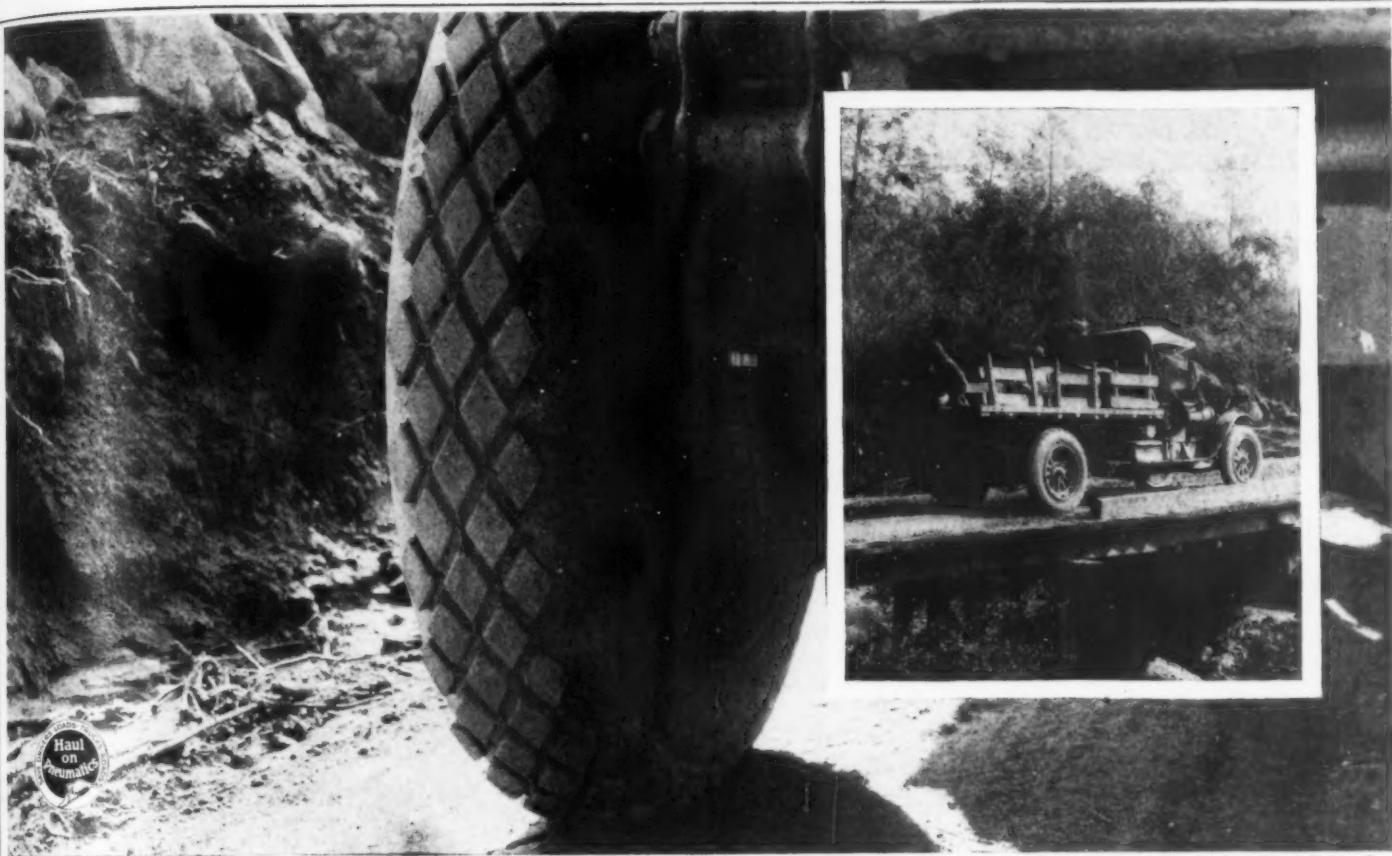
Tempted Fate

"What became of that girl Masherton was flirting with last summer?"

"You mean the girl that Masherton thought he was flirting with? She married him."—*London Opinion.*

INDIGNANT WIFE (to irate husband): You miserable man! You seem to think I'm wrong every time you are in the right!

—*Pêle-Mêle (Paris).*



Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

We use pneumatic-tired trucks to haul construction materials, tools and food to 2,000 men building the \$10,000,000 Kirckhoff dam near Auberry, forty miles from here. The pneumatics enable twice the hauling, and dependable service impossible to secure on solid tires. The toughness of the big Goodyear Cord Tires is pronounced, so that we expect to specify them in the future.—*J. W. Helwick, Supt. of Transportation, San Joaquin Light & Power Corporation, Fresno, Cal.*

THE sum of such evidence, as that presented above, already measures a very great advance in diversified motor transportation effected with Goodyear Cord Tires on trucks.

Serving hundreds of lines of trade and industry and ranging countless routes, urban and rural, difficult and smooth, these powerful pneumatics have quickened and stabilized hauling.

In diversified duty, Goodyear Cord Tires are known to replace the jarring, uncertain action of solid tires with strategic sureness and smoothness.

Out of a pioneering work, a work invested with

vision and resourcefulness, have their virtues of traction, cushioning and spryness been made practical by the ruggedness of Goodyear Cord construction.

To this construction, a product of that endeavor which protects our good name, businesses today credit multiple savings of men, trucks, time, fuel, oil, loads and roads.

Actual operating and cost records, detailing the advantages of Goodyear Cord Tires on trucks and fleets, can be obtained by writing to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

GOOD YEAR CORD TIRES

**His Most Important Function**

"An editor is a man who puts things in the paper, isn't he?"

"Oh, no, my son; an editor keeps things out of the paper."—*Boston Transcript*.

WHEN a merchant puts an unreasonable price on something you must have, there is nothing to do but leave his store angry and pay some other merchant the same price.

—*Kansas City Star*.

The dread Pyorrhœa begins with bleeding gums



Forhan's
FOR
THE GUMS

BRUSH YOUR TEETH
WITH IT

FORMULA OF



NEW YORK CITY

SPECIALIST IN
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH

PREPARED FOR THE
PRESCRIPTION OF THE
DENTAL PROFESSION

Forhan's
FOR
THE
GUMS

PYORRHOEA'S infecting germs cause many ills. Medical science has proven this.

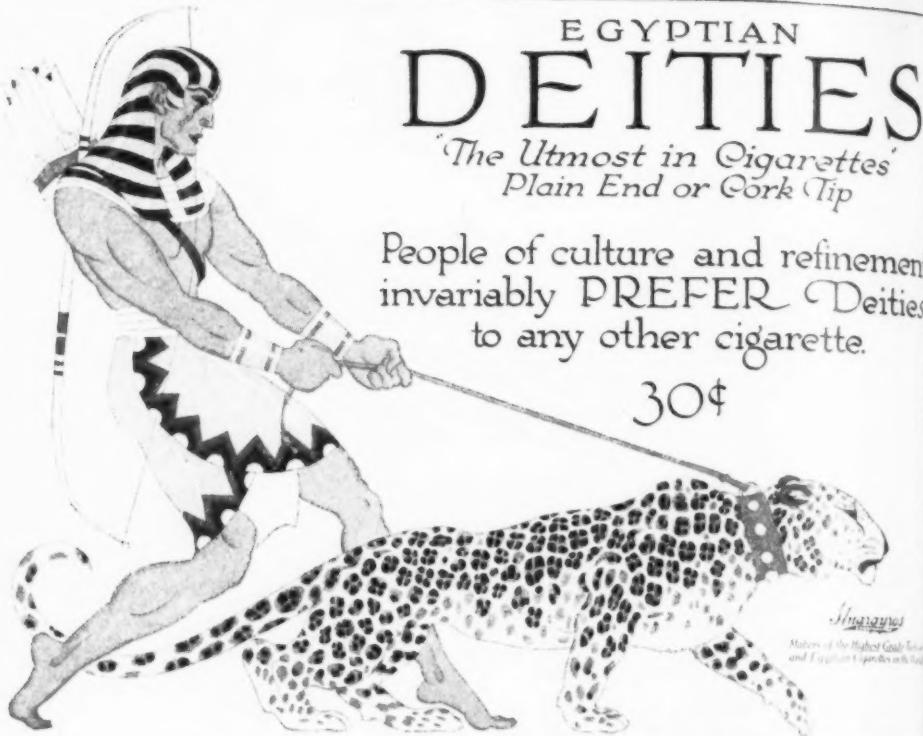
Diseased conditions, which not long ago doctors were unable to trace to a cause, are now known often to be the result of Pyorrhœa germs that breed in pockets about the teeth. Rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders and other diseases have been traced in many cases to this Pyorrhœa infection.

Don't let Pyorrhœa work its wicked will on your body. Visit your dentist frequently for tooth and gum inspection.

And watch your gums yourself. Pyorrhœa, which afflicts four out of five people over forty, begins with tender and bleeding gums; then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisons generated at their base.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhœa—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy—the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment. 35c and 60c tubes in U.S. and Can.

FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal



Shangay
Makers of the Highest Grade Tobacco and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

*The Utmost in Cigarettes
Plain End or Cork Tip*

People of culture and refinement invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.

30¢

Hudson River by Daylight

Cool, satisfying comfort between

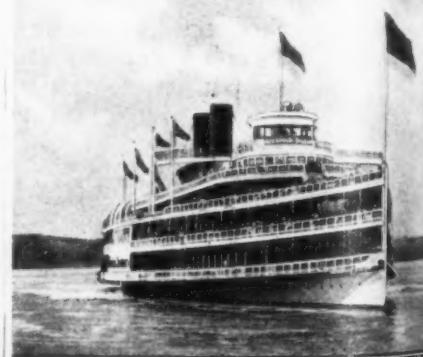
New York—Albany

and intermediate landings

SEASON MAY 15 TO OCT. 24

All through rail tickets between New York and Albany accepted

Hudson River Day Line
Desbrosses St. Pier New York



THE new Chancellor of Germany was born in New York. The President of the Irish Republic was born in New York. The boss of the Russian Bolsheviks lived in New York. We complain of the trouble foreigners bring to America. We have exported some ourselves.—*Syracuse Post-Standard*.



Most of your friends use it
and profit by it

**LEARN To DANCE At HOME
NO MUSIC NEEDED**
With my new chart explanatory system you can learn the Waltz, Two-step, One-step and Fox-trot easily in your own home. Send \$1 to—
J. R. HATTAS DANCING SCHOOL
639 Adams St., Toledo, Ohio.



Studebaker

SERIES 20 BIG-SIX

IN conception and appearance, the BIG-SIX expresses beauty, grace and refinement of design. It is exactly the car you would create if you were an expert engineer and building the finest modern motor car from the standpoint of ripe experience. Studebaker quality, dominant for 68 years, is reflected in this powerful motor car.

60-H.P. detachable-head motor, intermediate transmission; 126-inch wheelbase, insuring ample room for seven adults.

All Studebaker Cars are equipped with Cord Tires—another Studebaker precedent.

"This is a Studebaker Year"



The secret of automobile top success lies in the secret composition used only in

Genuine
Pantasote
TRADE MARK
Top Material

**TO USE THIS
LABEL
MATERIAL NOT
IS A PENAL
OFFENSE**

Rain, sun, heat, cold, grease do not injure this composition. That's why a Pantasote covered top serves best and looks best the longest.

Look for this Pantasote Label inside the top — it protects you against substitution which is not uncommon

The Pantasote Company
Bowling Green Building New York City

"Old Town Canoes"

Form a canoe club. We will furnish constitutions and by-laws. You can pick a fleet of "Old Town Canoes" from the new 1920 catalog. Thirteen graceful models pictured in natural colors. Complete list of accessories. All prices given. First cost is the last—there is no upkeep to an "Old Town". Write for free, postpaid catalog today.

OLD TOWN CANOE COMPANY
1935 Middle Street Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

The Latest Books

(Continued from page 948)

The Island of Sheep, by Cadmus and Harmonia. (Houghton Mifflin Company.) At a house party in Scotland a variety of people, including several Americans and a French general, discuss after-war problems. May be diffidently recommended to readers of the *New Republic* and the "New World" section of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Trimmed With Red, by Wallace Irwin.

(George H. Doran Company.) Unrestrained farce; take equal parts of Greenwich Village and parlor Bolshevism, mix well and serve chopped fine. Has, however, an unhappy ending, for to the news of an engagement a castanet obligato is played on a cocktail shaker.

Mr. Wu, by Louise Jordan Miln. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.) Based on the play and remarkably ill-written, though Mrs. Miln plainly has at her finger tips an intimate knowledge of Chinese life and customs.

The Silence of Colonel Bramble, by André Maurois. (John Lane Company.) One of the indisputable classics of the war in a translation that impresses by its perfection. Based on the author's experience as interpreter with a Scotch division. The constant blending of the highest type of humor with an extraordinary insight into English character makes a narrative not merely to be read but to be quoted and returned to.

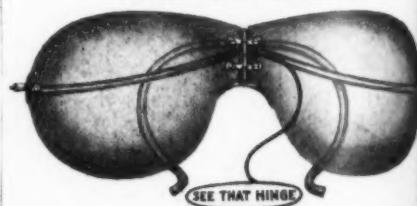
Tutt and Mr. Tutt, by Arthur Train. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) Amusing yarns of a law firm whose practice in the New York criminal courts brought them some shady clients; with incidental sidelights on the law as a joke.

South Sea Foam, by A. Safroni-Middleton. (George H. Doran Company.) For all those who have delighted in Frederick O'Brien's *White Shadows in the South Seas*. This is the generally similar experience in Samoa, Tahiti, Fiji and the Marquesas of an author who has some Italian as well as English and Scottish blood.

Mount Music, by E. O. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Longmans, Green & Co.) A novel of Ireland and Anglo-Irish life (in the days before Sinn Fein) which has to the full the feeling of leisure, the charm and the competence of other Irish writings by these two ladies.

Grant M. Overton.

THE AUTOGLAS



An Eye protector of graceful design that adjusts itself comfortably to the wearer's face. Gives perfect protection from wind, dust and flying particles and does not detract from personal appearance or the pleasures of the wearer. Ideal for Motoring, Golf, Tennis, Fishing, Hunting or Trap-shooting.

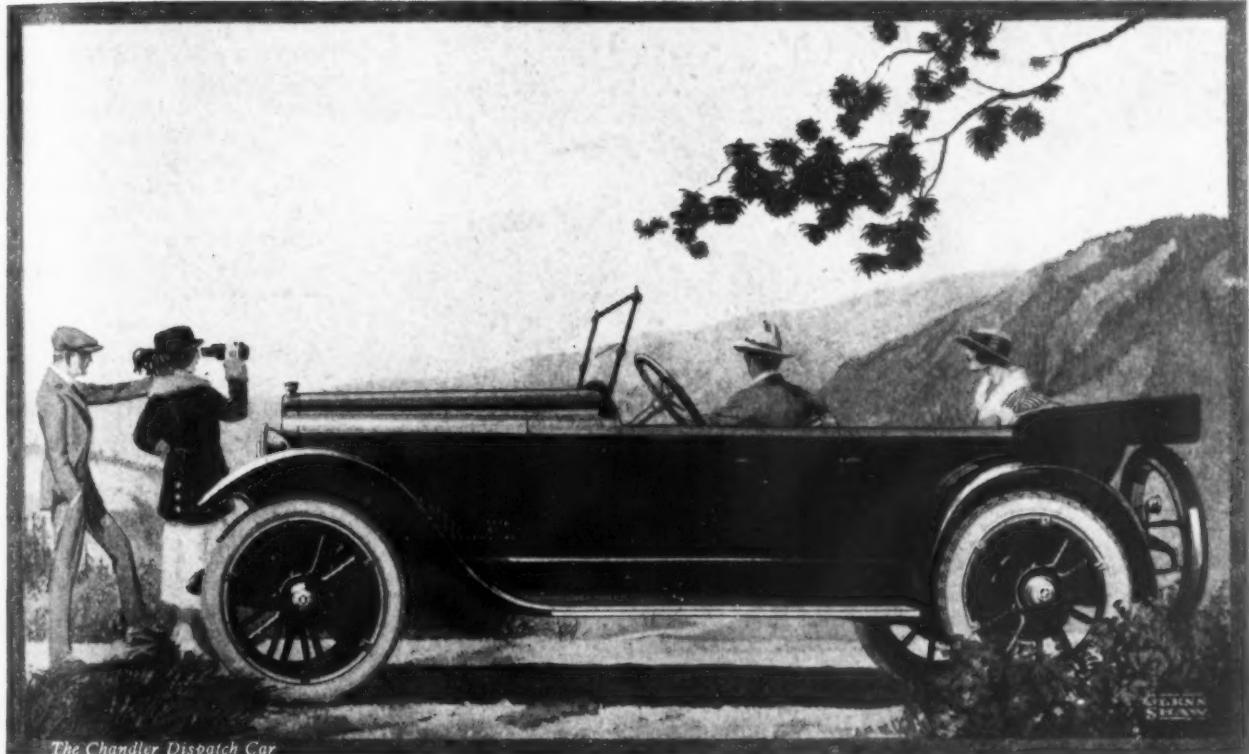
Procurable from Optical, Motor and Sporting Goods Establishments.

We will gladly supply the address of your nearest dealer.

F. A. HARDY & COMPANY
Dept. B. Box 204, Chicago

CHANDLER SIX

Famous For Its Marvelous Motor



Everybody Likes The Chandler Dispatch

THE popularity of the Chandler Dispatch, which has grown by leaps and bounds and reaches to every corner of the world, is based not only on the grace of its trim design and its beautiful Rainbow Blue finish, but it is due quite as much to the standard Chandler chassis upon which it is mounted.

The Dispatch attracts young folks and older ones alike. It is a great favorite with young women. All love to drive it, and the charm of its

beauty gives them additional satisfaction in its ownership.

The Chandler Dispatch seats four persons with utmost comfort. The driver's position is restful. The cushions are deep, well tilted and trimmed in the best of genuine hand buffed leather.

With its wonderful flexibility of power, its ease of driving and real comfort, characteristic of all Chandler models, everybody likes the Dispatch.

SIX SPLENDID BODY TYPES

Seven-Passenger Touring Car, \$1995

Four-Passenger Roadster, \$1995

Four-Passenger Dispatch Car, \$2075

Seven-Passenger Sedan, \$2995

Four-Passenger Coupe, \$2895
(All prices f. o. b. Cleveland)

Limousine, \$3495

There are Chandler dealers in more than a thousand towns and cities

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Export Department: 5 Columbus Circle, New York

Cable Address: "CHANMOTOR"



*Always the
Gift Acceptable*

"Say it with flowers"

YOU have been entertained by a gracious hostess—a little dinner party, perhaps, to which you have been invited by a business friend. A gift of flowers next day will express the appreciation you feel. The girl you danced with, who was good to you in finding other partners—a gift or flowers next day is the tribute you owe.

For every occasion and sentiment—give Flowers. Brighten the home with the cheery presence of fragrant blossoms. Let flowers add their charm to your table at every meal.

Your local florist, within a few hours, can deliver fresh flowers in any city or town in the United States and Canada through the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Service.

The florist displaying the sign "Say it with Flowers" is a member of the Society of American Florists, which enables him to serve you better when you buy flowers.

*Whose Birthday
comes in*

1920		JUNE					1920	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN	
		1	2	3	4	5		
6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
13	14	15	16	17	18	19		
20	21	22	23	24	25	26		
27	28	29	30					

Say it with flowers

© 1920, S.A.F. & O.H.



Changed Aspects of an Old Friend

IT is hard to get used to a dollar that is worth only about fifty cents. Association and sentiment combine to persuade us that it is still a dollar and ought to buy a dollar's worth. When it takes two of them to do that our thrift is offended.

There is nothing for it but to get over that and see the inflated dollar as it is and let it go for what it is worth. If it can't buy what we need, the simplest remedy is to send others to help it, if we have them. Otherwise to postpone the need.

The most tempting use to put dollars to is to pay off debts incurred when they were still dollars. That is about the only way to get a before-the-war dollar's worth for a current dollar.

A HIGH-SCHOOL student wanted to take military training, and reported to the sergeant in charge. The student had a slight impediment in his speech. "Have you ever had any drill?" the sergeant asked. "N-n-not any, except a M-m-m-maypole dance!" he answered.



"SAY! STOP COAXIN' WILLIE TO QUIT WORKIN'— YOU RADICAL!"

SEXOLOGY

by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D.
imparts in one volume:
Knowledge a Young Man Should Have,
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have,
Knowledge a Father Should Have,
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son,
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have,
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have,
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have,
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter,
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.
Illustrated.
Affine one volume, \$2.25 postpaid.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
Puritan Pub. Co., Dept. 797, Central, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
MADE AT KEY WEST



The Thumbprint of Goliath

A THUMBPRINT, whether done with ink against a smooth sheet of glass or outlined in jam upon a baby's bib, contains the simpler elements of catalog printing.

The bigger the thumbprint, the bigger the detail. The smoother the surface against which the thumb is pressed, the clearer the impression becomes.

The relation of surface to clear impressions is the basic reason for the difference between ordinary printing and Better Printing.

To you, the reader, paper is but the body of a book, magazine, or catalog; but to the printer, paper is a surface, upon which his types and plates must print, or his work is disappointing to himself and to his customers.

Two sheets of paper may look alike and feel alike, but print differently. For that reason,

Briefly classified, the Warren Standard Printing Papers are

Warren's Cameo.

Dull coated for artistic half-tone printing

Warren's Lustro.

The highest refinement of surface in glossy-coated paper

Warren's Warrentown Coated Book

Glossy surface for fine half-tone and process color work

Warren's Cumberland Coated Book

A recognized standard glossy-coated paper

Warren's Silkote

Semi-dull surface, noted for practical printing qualities

Warren's Printone

Semi-coated. Better than super, cheaper than coated

Warren's Library Text

English finish for medium screen halftones

Warren's Olde Style

A watermarked antique finish for type and line illustration

Warren's Cumberland Super Book

Super-calendered paper of standard, uniform quality

Warren's Cumberland Machine Book

A dependable, hand-sorted machine finish paper

Warren's Artogravure

Developed especially for offset printing

Warren's India

For thin editions



Warren's
STANDARD

Printing Papers

BEEMAN'S ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM



Sleepless Nights Make Wasted Days

Men and women whose digestion is faulty seldom enjoy good restful sleep.

When sleeplessness is due to hasty and improper mastication of food it is time to give consideration to the regulation of the diet, and it will be found helpful also to acquire the habit of chewing Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal and just before retiring.



American Chicle Company
New York Cleveland
Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Rochester



A ROSE IS AS SWEET BY ANY OTHER NAME

On the Side

ONE authority on the subject of foreign shipping explains that it is now a question of weight and sea.

Nay, nay, Pearline, the jam at the docks cannot be spread upon the bread of the suffering public.

Well, the political campaigns are here, and now we shall have oily words upon troubled waters.

In electing a President there is usually much to be said on both sides, none of it worth listening to.

Whoever it was said "The public be damned" seems to be getting his wish.

A good many ex-service men spend their spare moments trying to figure out why they ever called this "God's country."

Strikes, profiteering, Volstead enforcement raids, movie-actor scandals—and we used to wonder what the papers'd do for news when the war was over!

Give woman her due—and you incur her lasting displeasure.

'Tis said that woman's lot is one of suffering, but in the memory of man no woman has ever suffered in silence.

ONE way to judge the higher education of a man is by how much he tires you.

—Topeka Capital.

Sure Relief

BELL-ANS
FOR
INDIGESTION
25 CENTS

6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS
FOR
INDIGESTION

Forty million tires for 1920 What kind of tires are they



Here is a car that has run too close to the curb. Rubbing up against curbs will grind the rubber off the side of a tire, finally exposing the fabric to the action of sand and water.

A great many tires would last longer if their owners were only a little more careful not to scrape against curbs in stopping and starting.

If the average motorist could spend an hour or two in a vulcanizing shop—watch the tires coming in for repair with all their weaknesses showing—talk to the shop manager away from the cheers of the tire salesmen—

He would see what comes of thinking too much in terms of "concessions" and "allowances."

* * *

Concessions and allowances are what the irresponsible tire dealer lives on.

He finds it easier to convince man that he will make good on tire if it goes bad than to convince him that it won't go bad.

What practical motorists are looking for today is good tires

—not tires that may have to be made good.

And they are going more and more to the dealer whose business is based on *quality* instead of on chance.

* * *

The United States Rubber Company stands back of that kind of a dealer with all the tremendous resources at its command.

It has staked a larger investment on quality than any other rubber organization. Its first thought has always been of the

tire user—putting his problem before the problem of markets.

Every important advance in tire manufacture has come from the United States Rubber Company—the *first straight-side* automobile tire, the *first pneumatic* truck tire, the *grainless rubber* solid truck tire, for instance.

The U. S. guarantee is for the *life of the tire*, and not for a limited mileage.

* * *

Nearly every man pays for U. S. Tire quality, but he doesn't always get it.

If he did the country wouldn't need forty million tires this year.

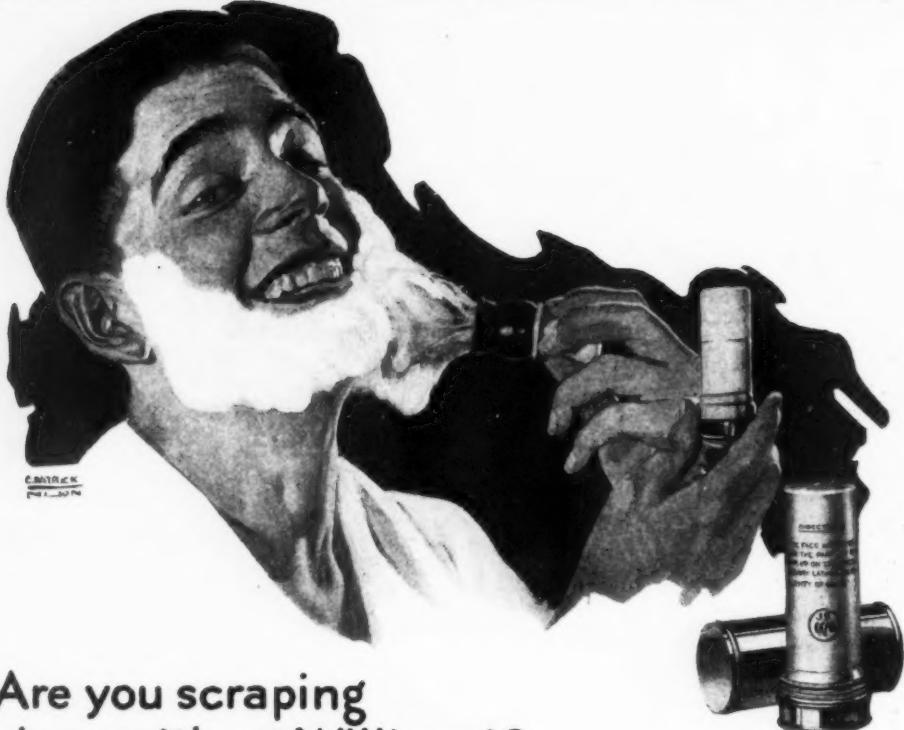
United States Tires

United States  Rubber Company

*The oldest and largest
Rubber Organization in the World*

Fifty-three
Factories

Two hundred and
thirty-five Branches



Are you scraping along without Williams'?

I suppose you can scrape along without knowing my friend Williams' and his rich, creamy lather. But why should you? He is generous—he just bubbles over with it. Throw cold water on him as much as you like, you can't keep him down. He is white clean through—and uses himself up working for others. He believes in the rights of shavers—he never goes dry. He makes you smile from ear to ear and never leaves any smarting feelings behind. His favorite complexions? He hasn't any. And although over 75 years old he is as popular with young men as with their seniors.



Send 12 cents for trial Re-Load Stick

The Re-Load has a firm threaded metal collar. You simply screw this into the holder-cap/no threads in the soap'. Send 12c in stamps for sample, full size permanent holder-top, with reduced size soap. When the sample is used up, you need buy only the new Re-Load, saving the cost of a new holder-top.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
Dept A Glastonbury, Conn.

Williams' Shaving Soap also comes in the forms of cream, liquid and powder. Trial size of any of these for 6c in stamps.

Re-Loads Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick



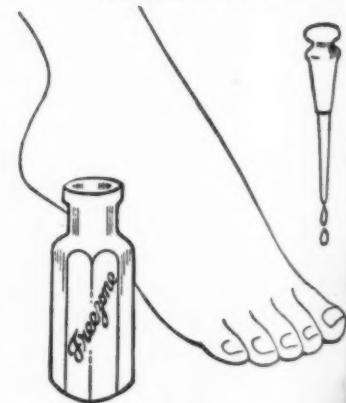
Coins there are here of the mintage
Of Croesus, the tyrant of old;
Coins—they are lees of the vintage
Of Midas whose touch was of gold;
For each is a cynical token

That man and his money must part;
That, losing it, he will be broken;
That, hoarding it, hard grows his heart

Richard Butler Glaenzer.

Lift off Corns with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents



You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly No humbug!

Tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs few cents at any drug store

THE J.B.WILLIAMS COMPANY MAKERS ALSO OF MATINEE VIOLETS, JERSEY CREAM AND OTHER TOILET SOAPS, TALC POWDER, DENTAL CREAM ETC.

Humor or Pathos?

(A letter received recently by a Naturalization Commissioner in New York State)

DEAR SIR: I wish asking why so long time I not have answer about my Naturalization paper.

I was two times with the witnesses in the County Clerk office, but one time the Mr. Clerk was go to hunting and a on other time a certificate was not come for me. I can not more bringen the witnesses to the office from myself. I please thee, Mr. Clerk, send him the posten carts to know of what day

we shall came to the office. I am a laborer and I working from 7 o'clock in the morning to 12 and from 1 to 5 evening. I was couple time Saturday afternoon at the office but I cannot see nobody. I do not know when I can get throw with my think. Excuse me of my writing.

I sende here with a other application the I have got from Washington, D. C. and the post cart and a letter to you with, please, and a fee of \$4. I please, Mr. Clerk, do what you can best.

Resp. yours,
P. S. Excuse me.

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The Crying Need

THE standardization of the golf ball does not seem to be meeting with the favor that was doubtless hoped for by the man who invented it. What is really needed at the present expensive moment is a standardization of lost golf balls, something that will limit the number of balls one can lose in a day. At present the great majority of us who play golf have not arrived at that golfing Nirvana where we can be sure of playing even nine holes without getting a ball off into the long grass somewhere. It is bad enough to be confronted with the prospect of playing golf barefooted in order to save shoe leather, but to save up money enough to buy a golf ball for Saturday, only to have it disappear from view after the third drive off, is not going to help us keep our health.

Perhaps a golf ball can be invented that, when lost, will play a tune until it is located. Considering what they can do with torpedoes, such an affair should not be impossible.

How About It?

DEAR ORGANIZED LABOR: Knowing how much more altruistic and idealistic than the capitalists you are—you've often admitted it yourself—many of us women have pondered and pondered over this question:

Why haven't you put a stop to child labor?

It's one of your favorite "crying evils." You've been powerful enough to do it for a long time now.

Too busy organizing your political party and planning for the industrial millennium?

It's so hard for women who love kiddies and don't know much economics to understand, Organized Labor.

Sincerely,
A WOMAN VOTER.

CARD MEMORY A booklet—a simple method that enables you to memorize quickly at sight card played. You remember each card in every trick. An useful aid to Auction Bridge and other card players. Postpaid. *Players' Publishing Co., Dept. S3, 25 West 42d St., New York*

BOGALUSA

The New South's Young City of Destiny. What do you mean—"Bogalusa?" Well, its bank deposits are \$1,750,000. (\$117 per.) Write the Mayor.

HOTEL ASPINWALL
LENOX, MASS.

High and Cool in the Berkshires
A HOTEL OF DISTINCTION
Opens June 12. Elevation 1400 feet.
Desirable Cottages with Hotel Service.
HOWE & TWOROGER, Managers
Winter Resort, Princess Hotel, Bermuda



The aftersmoke of shaving

—its remedy

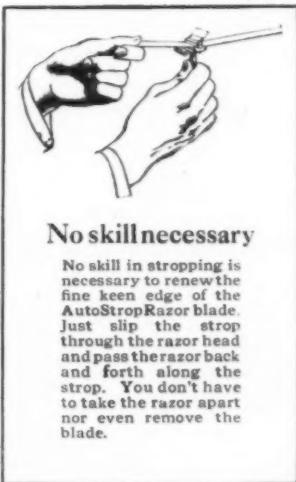
DOES your face burn after shaving? Probably it is because you use dulling razor blades.

You can avoid this discomfort if you use the AutoStrop Razor—the safety razor that provides a sharp, keen edge for every shave.

A razor and stropping device combined in one—that's what you get in the AutoStrop Razor.

Because of its unique, patented design, the AutoStrop Razor can be stropped *without removing the blade*. Just slip the strop through the razor head. Give the razor a dozen quick passes over the strop. In ten seconds you have a "new" sharp, shaving edge! 500 cool shaves are guaranteed from each dozen blades.

Get an AutoStrop Razor today and know the joy of a "new" sharp edge every morning! Ask your dealer about the free trial plan.

**No skill necessary**

No skill in stropping is necessary to renew the fine keen edge of the AutoStrop Razor blade. Just slip the strop through the razor head and pass the razor back and forth along the strop. You don't have to take the razor apart nor even remove the blade.

Standard set consists of:
silver-plated, self-stropping razor,
selected leather strop,
twelve blades,
all in neat, leather case.



AutoStrop Razor

—sharpens itself

AT and "ON" are Different Prepositions

"I feel for once that I have the world at my feet—not on my feet—for nothing in the world gave me such relief as Allen's Foot-Ease," So writes a Florida resident after using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder for feet. This standard remedy is the universal relief for feet that smart, ache, perspire, and are tense and hot. Use Allen's Foot-Ease in the foot-bath, then shake it in your shoes. It takes the fatigue from the shoe, freshens the feet and gives new vigor.

Books Received

Moments with Mark Twain, by Allen Bigelow Paine. (Harper & Bros.)

The Story of a New Zealand River, by Jane Mander. (John Lane Company.)

Grace Harlowe Overseas, by Jessie Graham Flower. (Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.)

The Making of a Nation, by Wentworth Stewart. (The Stratford Company.)

The Joke About Housing, by Charles Harris Whitaker. (Marshall Jones Company.)

Scrambled Eggs, by Lawton Mackall (Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati.)

Sheepskin and Gray Russet, by E. Temple Thurston. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Gate of Fulfillment, by Knowles Riddale. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Have Faith in Massachusetts," Speeches and Addresses of Calvin Coolidge. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

Woman Triumphant, by V. Blasco Ibáñez (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Diantha Goes the Primrose Way, by Adelaide Manola Hughes. (Harper & Bros.)

How to Use Cement for Concrete Construction, by Stanton & Van Vliet Company, Chicago.)

Dressing Gowns and Glue. Verses by Capt. L. de G. Sieveking; Drawings by John Nash. (Harcourt, Brace & Howe.)

The Life of General William Booth (two vols.), by Harold Begbie. (The Macmillan Company.)

The Real Diary of the Worst Farmer, by Judge Henry G. Shuts. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

History Repeated

THERE was a man in Washingtoun
And he was wise—yea, more:
He yumpt into a bramble bush
And "keppus out o' war."

But when he saw what he had done
(Will wonders never cease!),
Yumpt he into another bush
And—kept us out o' peace.

No Wonder!

OTIS: You say that something at the banquet last night disagreed with you?

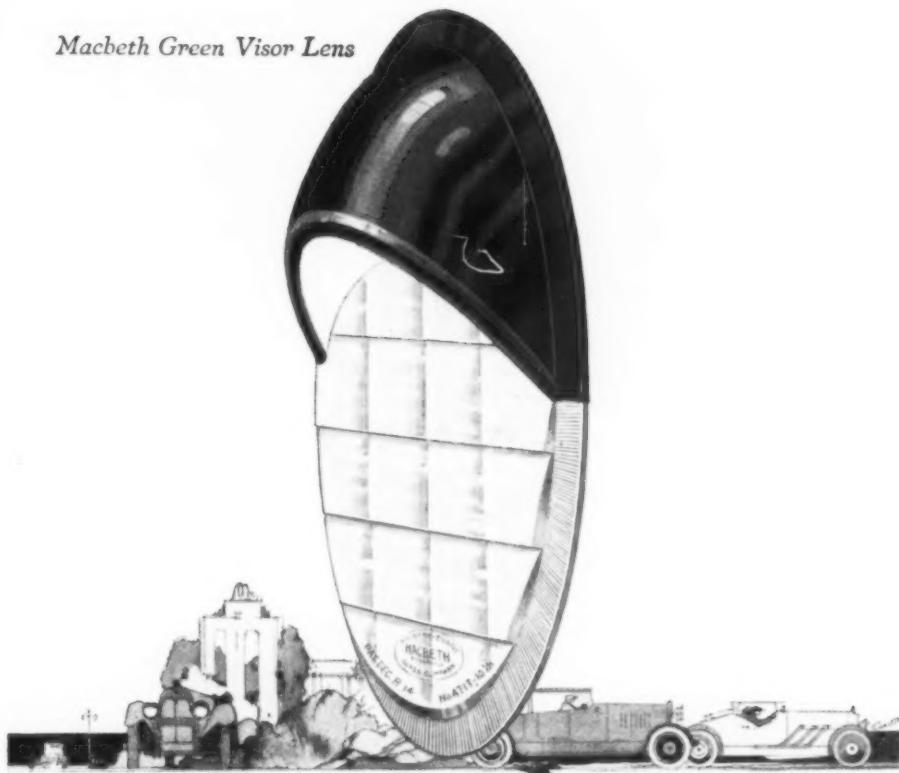
CHESTER: Yes; had too much climate. Sat between a California native son and a man from Florida!

—New York Evening Post.

To Golfers

Fill out your card with
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.
The handicapper will thank
you and besides it shows
good form.

Macbeth Green Visor Lens



MACBETH

A GENTLEMAN'S LENS

Signals!

Macbeth green visor lenses combine the *safety* that law compels with the *consideration* that courtesy requires. They permit no blinding rays to discomfort other drivers. They mark a gentleman's car.

The Macbeth prisms control and direct the light in a brilliant shaft, straight and far ahead, in wide, uniform illumination. All upward beams are redirected down at the correct angle *on the road*. No ray escapes to dazzle or confuse. The light is placed where it is wanted.

The principle of Macbeth has national endorsement for battleships and lighthouses as well as motor cars. The green visors add a touch of distinctive elegance to every car and on every one they are signals of safety and courtesy. Put them on yours.



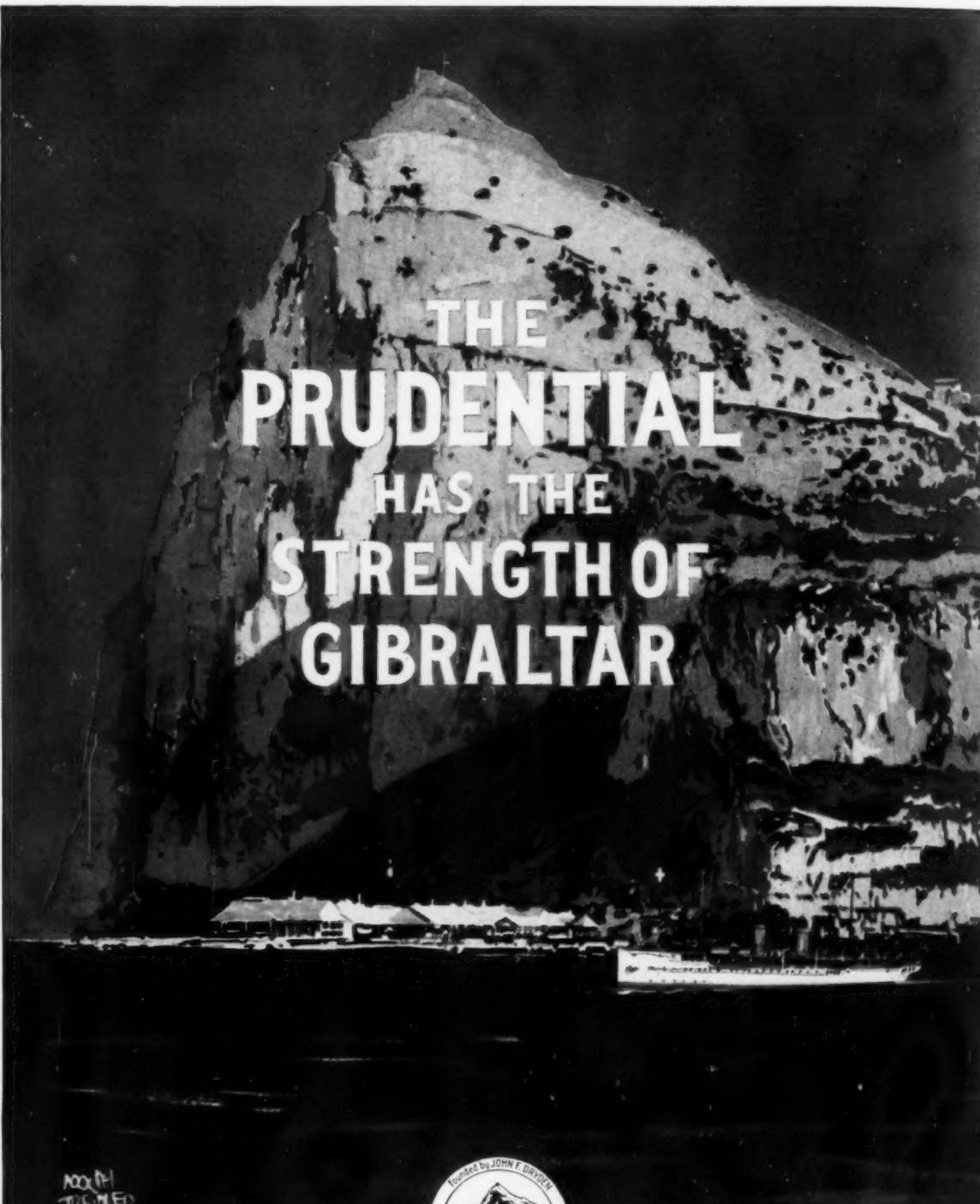
Price per pair \$5.25—Denver and West \$5.75—Canada \$6—Winnipeg and West \$6.50

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, Pittsburgh

Branch Offices in: Boston; Buffalo; Chicago; Cincinnati; Cleveland; New York; Philadelphia; Pittsburgh; San Francisco

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

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THE
PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR

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TREMBLER



The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey

FORREST F. DRYDEN, President

HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

"That says it"

Chesterfields do "satisfy."

So, if you want a cigarette you can anchor to—if you're determined to get your money's worth in

- honest value
- fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos
- skillful, accurate blending by an *exclusive* method,

then, you want *Chesterfields*.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Chesterfield
CIGARETTES

— and the blend can't be copied



The Evolution of the “Comfort Smile”

... It invariably starts with Colgate's!

From first stroke of the brush to last stroke of the razor, the Colgate shave is comfortable, no matter which you use—Stick, Powder or Cream.

No wonder the Colgate Smile is a Comfort Smile, for a Colgate shave is a cool one. No matter how tough the beard, the face is left soothed and refreshed.

Nor is there any need to rub the lather in with the fingers—rubbing-in only adds “mussiness” to what might be a genuine pleasure.

Lather with Colgate's—then Shave with Comfort

With the Stick. After wetting the face pass the stick over the cheeks from ear to ear and back again, then under the chin; once across the upper lip. This gives soap enough for any but the heaviest beard. Work up the softening lather on the face with the wet brush—using hot or cold water.

With the Powder. First, wet the face with the brush. Separate the bristles slightly with the thumb and sprinkle about one-third of a thimbleful of powder on the brush; you soon learn the exact amount you need. The lather is quickly worked up with hot or cold water—on the face.

With the Cream. If you prefer to apply the cream to the face always wet the face first. If you squeeze the cream on the wet brush, wet the face first. The plentiful fragrant lather is then worked up on the face with the brush—using hot or cold water according to preference.

A trial size of Colgate's—Stick, Powder or Cream—sent for 4c in stamps.



COLGATE & CO., Dept. 23, 199 Fulton St., NEW YORK

The name "Colgate" on Soaps, Powders and Perfumes corresponds to "Sterling" on Silver